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Next week

Two architects commissioned by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to present plans for a lakeside home that is ideal for boating and fishing families who want to live right at the water's edge.

As the best dogs of the land show off in Madison Square Garden, Artist Roy McKie depicts the making of a champion pooch while Robert Campbell ponders his fancy monkey.

Powerful Sonny Liston most likely will be Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson's next big hurdle—but should he be? Late details on the controversial Sontag and his "friends."



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POINT OF FACT

A Millrose Games quiz to excite the memory and increase the knowledge of fans and armchair experts

? What are the Millrose Games?

• Sponsored by the Millrose Athletic Association of John Wanamaker, the Millrose Games is the biggest, most popular and certainly the most famous indoor track meet in the country. This year (Feb. 2) will mark the 55th annual running of the meet, which traditionally opens the indoor track season in New York's Madison Square Garden.

? The outstanding performer in the Millrose Games is voted the Rodman Wanamaker Award. Has any athlete received the award more than once since its inception in 1925?

• Yes, four men have won it two times, each in successive years. Middle-distance Runner Charles Hornbostel was the award winner in 1934 and 1935, with Miler Glenn Cunningham second in the voting both times. Hornbostel won the 1,000-yard run in 1934, and in 1935 not only repeated his 1,000 win but an hour or so later set an indoor world record for the 600-yard run. Miler Gil Dodds won the award in 1947 and 1948 (when he set an indoor world record). In 1950 and 1951 Pole Vaulter Bob Richards finished ahead of Miler Don Gehrmann in the award voting. Gehrmann, incidentally, was second in the voting four straight years (1949 through 1952). John Thomas high-jumped to new indoor records in both 1959 (7 feet) and 1960 (7 feet 1½ inches) to win the award.

? Has a woman track and field athlete ever won the Wanamaker Award?

continued



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POINT OF FACT

• Only Stella Walsh, who won the women's 50-yard dash in 1930. She finished ahead of Monte Wells (new indoor record for the 60 yard high hurdles) in the voting.

? Rosa Delann won the Wausaukee Mile four straight years (1936-39). Has any mile ever been the event more times?

• Don Gehrmann also won four consecutive Wausaukee Miles (1949-52). But the most mile victories were achieved by Glenn Cunningham. He won three straight years (1933-35), finished second in 1936 in a blanket finish and then won three more miles in a row (1937-39).

? Did Pavo Nersis ever win the Wausaukee Mile?

• Nurm competed only once in the Wausaukee Mile (1929). He was running, as he usually did, in the lead but racing only against the watch he held in his hand. Suddenly, on the last turn, Ray Conger caught him and sprinted past to win in 4:17.4. Nurm finished a disappointing second.

? Al Lawrence, in 1961, equaled Greg Rice's long-standing Millrose Games record for the two-mile run (8:52.8 in 1942). How many other men have run the Millrose two-mile in less than nine minutes?

• Seven, and only three of them were winners. When Rice set his record, Gil Dodds was second in 8:53.7. In 1949 Gaston Reiff won the two-mile in 8:56.1, followed closely by Erik Ahlden (8:56.6) and Fred Will (8:57). Horace Ashenfelter, who won the Millrose two-mile five times, hit 8:54.6 in 1953 and 8:53.3 in 1954. Lewis Suggitz won in 1959 in 8:55.1, with John Macy second in 8:56.4.

? E. E. Meyers was the Millrose pole vault in 1925 with a 12-foot 6-inch vault. Who was the first man to vault 14 feet at the Millrose Games? 14 feet 6 inches? 15 feet?

• Keith Brown vaulted exactly 14 feet in 1933; Earl Meadows hit 14 feet 6 inches in 1938, and Cornelius Warner set an indoor record with his 15 foot 3/8-inch leap in 1942.

? Bob Richards is the top individual winner in the Games (11 straight pole vault wins). Who ranks second in wins to victories?

• Harrison Dillard ran up a string of nine consecutive wins in the 60-yard high hurdles (1947-55).

—MARY ANN GOULD

SCORECARD

FOUND: A LOST BALL

The U.S. Golf Association, after two years of soft penalties for balls hit out-of-bounds or into unplayable lies, or lost balls, has reinstated the stern old penalties (stroke-and-distance or a two-stroke assessment) for these mislaid shots. We don't mean to sound like anybody's stuffy uncle from Boston, but we applaud this return to the old Scottish virtues. There has been too much pressure of late to make golf an easier and easier—and therefore duller and duller—game. We are pleased that the USGA has decided to keep the rough in the game of golf.

BAN SWEDISH PUNCH?

Some Swedes are clamoring for a ban on boxing because they say it is a brutal sport and possibly because they no longer hold the heavyweight championship of the world. It is an old clamor in Sweden, but it is restricted to an insistently loud minority of the same essential breed as brought Prohibition to the U.S.

The majority of Swedes love boxing. Before Ingemar Johansson ever was considered as a contender for Floyd Patterson's title, 50,000 Swedes paid a \$20 top to watch Ingemar knock out Eddie Machen in Göteborg. In Sweden \$20 is a large sum for an evening's entertainment.

If the Swedes want only to debrutalize boxing, they might consider the simultaneous proposal of Professor Giuseppe La Cava, secretary of the International Association of Sports Medicine and for 30 years adviser to the Italian Amateur Boxing Association. Dr. La Cava would like to see boxing revert to the old bare-knuckle days. With gloves on, he says, a fighter punches harder and inflicts more damage because he has less fear of hurting his hands. The bare knuckles and their resultant inhibitions, Dr. La Cava says, explain why oldtime fights went on for so long and why pugilists of the lusty past had such a reputation for tough skin, with fewer cuts inflicted.

Pondering this contention that a gloved fist is a padded mallet, one remembers with sudden illumination how

John L. Sullivan sometimes would wear gloves against an opponent and let the opponent fight him with bare knuckles, thus seeming to give the opponent a chivalrous advantage. "I would not want to kill the man," John would say unctuously, "and so I prefer to wear gloves."

FLUTTERS ON FILM

The latest gambling gambit in England is betting on movies of old horse races. Originally a pleasant diversion on French Line ships, the "sport" now is a bingo parlor rage. Films of old American races are shipped to England in sealed containers. To prevent cheating by someone who might remember that Omaha won the Kentucky Derby in 1935, the horses are given false names and the cans are not opened until all bets are in. Payment is on a pari-mutuel basis, and you can bet across the board and all that. It is, of course, impossible to dope the form, which is half the fun of going to the races, but English punters don't seem to mind. The only ones who do mind are the bookies. Automation is hurting their business.

FLICKERING FLASH

Somebody ought to put a muzzle on Frank Frisch, once one of the liveliest and most exciting of baseball players, now beginning to sound more and more like a plain old-fashioned grouch. Frank has made it his custom, of late, to snort at practically everything in modern baseball—spring training camps are country clubs, modern gloves are nothing but baskets, pitchers are spotted and lazy, nobody has the old spirit anymore.

Now Frank is against batting helmets; he gets a big laugh at banquets (he's a good speaker) when he mocks them and calls them "garbage cans." Well, hell. It's easy to sneer at batting helmets as another example of the "softness of our modern way of life"; it's a little harder to remember that they called catchers' masks sissy when they were introduced. And it's a little chilling to remember the beanings that happened in Frank Frisch's era: Ray Chapman, who was

killed; Mickey Cochrane, whose career was effectively terminated, Joe Medwick, who was never much good afterward. Frisch should know that quite a few good ballplayers have been hit on the head since helmets were introduced; it still hurts—ask Joe Adcock or Hank Thompson—but the helmet breaks instead of the ballplayer.

There is much that can be justifiably criticized about baseball. It seems a little ridiculous to knock a good thing.

GIANTS LOSE 11-1

The fiasco that is San Francisco's Candlestick Park, where the wind blows pitchers off the mound and baseballs from fielders' gloves, became one for the law books this past week when Melvin Belli, the bellicose mouthpiece, struck out Horace Stoneham's Giants. Belli took the Giants to court to demand a refund of \$1,597, the price he had paid for a six-seat season box at the park in 1960. He held that the Giants had reneged on an agreement to keep him warm while he watched them play. The so-called "radiant" heat that had been promised just did not radiate, he insisted.

He argued that the heating system worked so badly that the Giants just turned it off and forgot about it while thousands shivered, among them Belli. Belli was in rare form, even for him, before a jury that had just trudged



through San Francisco's first substantial snowfall in 30 years. There were some who felt that Belli, a master of dramatic effects, had personally arranged for the snow. At any rate, the jurors were in a mood to listen with sympathy to Belli's proclamation that he had been assailed at Candlestick Park by "the bitterest winds this side of the Himalayas."

"Even with long underwear and an Alaskan wolfhound parka, the same one I wore to Siberia last year, I couldn't keep warm in Box J, Section 4," he thundered, waving a copy of the Giants' *continued*



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SCORECARD *continued*

yearbook, which said the floors in the boxes were heated to 85°.

The Grants, protesting that they are mere tenants of Candlestick and that the city is responsible for the heating system, lost an 11-1 verdict, but they will appeal, if only because Belli has given a lot of other fans ideas about refunds.

BON APPETIT, CANADA

In the gastronomy of our forefathers, in the days when 60 million buffalo roamed this continent, few game dishes were more esteemed than buffalo tongue. In fact tens of thousands of buffalo were slaughtered for their tongues and hides alone, leaving tons of good meat on the prairies as carrion. But buffalo meat, properly prepared, is a delicacy, as many a lucky Canadian is about to discover.

Periodically, the huge herd in Canada's Buffalo National Park is thinned out to insure sufficient grazing room for the rest, and this month authorities are beginning to send to market 250,000 pounds of prime meat from the bison that were slaughtered.

So that Canadian cooks may be encouraged to attempt buffalo, the Minister of Northern Affairs and National Resources has issued a small cookbook listing 11 ways to prepare buffalo dishes. Our favorite is the creation of Angelo Casagrande, *chef de cuisine* of Edmonton's Hotel MacDonald. It is *filet de bison sweetgrass en chemise strasbourg*—and involves brushing a four-pound buffalo tenderloin with brandy, slicing it into six equal parts and placing between the slices a slice of cooked ham that has been spread with *pâté de foie gras*. After it has been half-roasted the whole tenderloin is spread thinly with *pâté* and sprinkled with chopped truffles. Then it is wrapped in a thin sheet of pie dough and baked until the crust is nicely browned. "Serve with mushroom sauce flavored with Madeira," advises Chef Casagrande.

The pioneers never had it so good.

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Tsuyoshi Yamazaki, Japan's finest swimmer and world-record holder in the 200-meter freestyle, is entering the University of Southern California, joining Australians Murray Rose, 1,500-meter world-record holder, and Jon Konrads, Olympic victor over Rose in the 1,500.
- The fortunes of the troubled St. Louis Hawks have improved, thanks to a new

NBA ruling that permits players in military service to compete when available. The Hawks' badly needed guard, Len Wilkins, got enough passes from Fort Lee, Va., to help stop a seven-game losing streak and assist in three victories as St. Louis won five of seven.

- "The Goose" seems to be about cooked at the University of South Carolina. He is Warren Giese, athletics director, and it appears he has lost an internal power struggle, which will find him transferred to the physical education department, with Football Coach Marvin Bass replacing him.

- While New Zealander Peter Snell was breaking Australian Herb Elliott's mile record (see page 48), an earlier Australian hero, John Landy, was at Port Moresby, New Guinea, teaching the fine points of running to natives who hope to compete in the British Empire games at Perth next November.

- Baseball's Southern Association, which produced such greats as Tris Speaker, Burt Hooton, Pie Traynor and Shoeless Joe Jackson, expired last week but not altogether for the announced reason of a lack of working agreements with the major leagues. The further fact is that major league clubs just cannot afford affiliations with minor clubs that reject Negro players.

- A new type of cold weather sports clothing may result from experiments made by the Ethyl Corporation in Baton Rouge. A clear face mask containing a small canister is worn at mouth or chin level. The breath combines with a chemical in the canister to form hydrogen. This, along with what oxygen is exhaled, passes through tubes to catalyst units in the clothing, where a second chemical reaction takes place producing sufficient heat to keep the body warm even in severe cold. No electricity or other outside power is used.

- Look for the University of North Carolina to rebound into the national basketball limelight in the next season or two, despite Coach Frank McGuire's departure to the Philadelphia Warriors. His successor, Dean Smith, has a freshman team rated as the best ever at Chapel Hill.
- Jimmy Piersall, the colorful outfielder, said last week that he and Jim Brosnan, the colorful pitcher, are planning a slick-paper magazine to be called *Broadball Mouths*. "We're going to have authoritative articles," Piersall said. "In the first issue I'm going to have a story about how lousy the Cleveland writers are."

- Ingemar Johansson appears ready to



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2 They work their way up. This is a development similar to that of food tastes—or from pabulum to paté. When such men and women begin to drink socially, they start with blandness. Then as they and their tastes mature...it's straight bourbon for them.



3 They see the light. They see their friends taking to bourbon. They discover that it tastes better...and that it tastes *best* undisguised, unchanged, with what country folk call "branch"—plain, pure water. This is the fashionable course to bourbon.

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SCORECARD *continued*

marry his longtime secretary and fiancée Birgit Lundgren. The couple has obtained a Swedish marriage license. But, says Ingo, cagey to the last, "That does not necessarily mean I am going to get married."

AU REVOIR, TENNESSEE

"I'd rather be first than President," Vester R. (Tennessee) Wright, horse trainer extraordinary, is fond of remarking. Last week racing circles were saddened by the announcement that Tennessee, leading trainer in four of the past six years, was at least temporarily retiring at the age of 40 because of a hernia operation. His principal owner and partner, T. Alie Grissom, promptly announced he was selling his stable of over 50 horses rather than employ anyone else. The two men have been associated in racing since Wright started training in 1948.

Wright believed firmly in the values—spiritual, therapeutic and financial—of gambling. (He went into the Air Force during the war with 60¢ and came out with \$20,000, made with a pair of dice.) "A man takes care of a horse better if he bets on him," Tennessee has said. "I bet on my horses—every one of them." He adds that his whole stable sends it in, with his enthusiastic approval. "Did you ever see a man rubbin' a horse he's gonna bet on?" he asks. "That horse ain't gonna be neglected."

THEY SAID IT

- When told that Ernie Banks credited him with teaching Banks to hit, Ralph Kiner said: "It's very flattering to be remembered that way. Ernie was always an appreciative fellow. I've never heard a word from my other student, Roger Maris."

- Ex-golfer Walter Hugen: "People are always asking me if I don't think the modern professionals are too business-like and don't have the fun we had in the old days. I tell them, if I'd been shooting for \$25,000 and \$50,000 purses as they do now, I'm not sure I wouldn't have been a bit less playful myself."

- Coach Darrell Royal, reflecting on his Texas team's only defeat at the hands of five-times-beaten TCU: "TCU is like a cockroach; it isn't what they eat or take away; it's what they fall in and run."

- Dodger General Manager Buzzie Bavasi, announcing his decision not to let Coach Leo Durocher live off-post at the Vero Beach training camp: "I hate to

continued



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expose a gentleman like Leo to such crude surroundings, but this privilege is granted only to married men. I can't do anything for Leo unless he decides to get married between now and Feb. 24."

• Los Angeles Blades Defenseman George Konik, propounding the art of meanness: "I think maybe I should be meaner, not dirtier. There's a difference. Mean is somewhere between rough and dirty."

RICKY AND ROBINSON

Branch Rickey was the first to hear from Jackie Robinson after Robinson's election to baseball's Hall of Fame. "Jackie tried to call his mother, but he couldn't reach her. Then he called me. That was about five minutes after a newsman on the election committee told him about it. I was just sitting here by my phone. He said, 'Mr. Rickey, I've been elected to the Hall of Fame.' I was delighted. I was so glad he called. I told Jackie, 'That is simply wonderful. Congratulations. You deserve it.' And the baseball writers are to be congratulated. This is something more than recognizing a single person. In our present international relations—yes, in our national relations—this pointing out of a person of distinction breaks down the barriers."

CALLING ALL KENNEDYS

One of our editorial number recently became den father to a Long Island cub scout pack. Equipped with a scout whistle, a football and some beautiful fall-like January weather, he set forth to keep the boys busy with touch football (our national game these days), relay racing and tree climbing.

Then he discovered that only half the boys could run around the block without stopping for breath. Two asked to be excused from any strenuous exercise because it gave them headaches. One wouldn't play touch football because, as he put it, "I stunk." Three boys had to have a boost before they could shimmy up a tree.

At the next den committee meeting he reported these figures ominously, but his statistics created no stir. One old, experienced den mother explained gently, as one addresses a tyro in any enterprise, that his discovery was not important. After all, she pointed out, the boys were developing other skills—such as stringing and coloring macaroni to make bracelets and necklaces.

END

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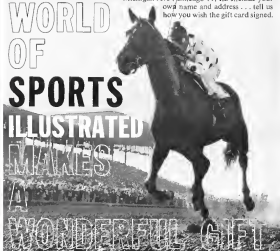
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THE LATIN INVASION

The big news of the horse racing season is that Spanish-speaking jockeys dominate the scene, and their takeover may be permanent

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Braulio Baeza is no bum," said Braulio Baeza one day last July while driving home in his burgundy-colored Thunderbird after a successful day at the races. "He is no liar and no fool. There are two things that he wants from his career. The first is to win the 1962 Kentucky Derby and become the hero of his Panama. The second is to become the most successful jockey that ever lived."

Braulio Baeza may have both his wishes fulfilled some day, but right now he is only one ripple in the Latin American wave of jockeys that is dominating the young 1962 racing season. Since Jan. 1 Latin jockeys have won 11 of 22 stakes races run on major U.S. tracks, and the nation's horseplayers are currently picking winners from names like Baeza, Ycaza, Hinojosa, Gomez, Gustines, Espinosa, Valenzuela and Yanez.

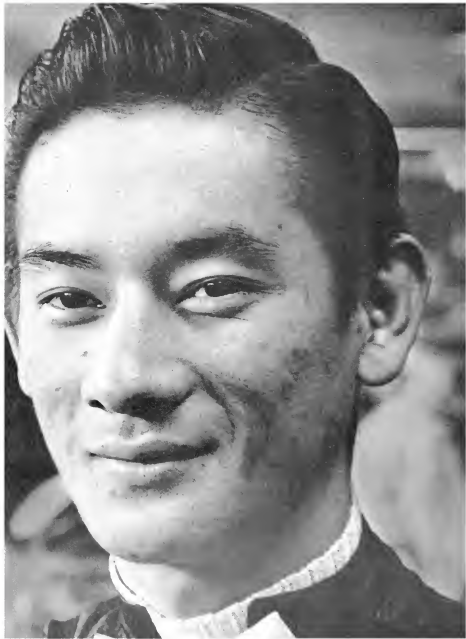
With the big money races still almost a month away, Latin jockeys already have accounted for more than half a million dollars in purses, and by the time this season ends they surely will have won more than \$8 million. Five of the nation's outstanding stables—Cain Hoy, Greentree, C. V. Whitney, Fred W. Hooper and Gustave Ring—are now employing Latin riders almost exclusively. Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, the 87-year-old trainer, says, "The Latins are going to take it all over in five or 10 years. They're natural horsemen. They're bright and they're strong. Mark my words, there'll be more Latin riders around here than Americans before too long." Even Johnny Longden,

continued

NEW PRIDE OF PANAMA, Braulio Baeza, rode winners in 13 races in the past two weeks, has an early favorite in the Kentucky Derby.

Jack Steady





the gnarled granddaddy on horseback, has said half facetiously and half wistfully, "I'm gonna change my name."

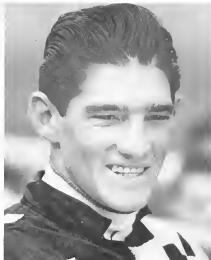
The chances are that Sunny Jim is dead right, the present Latin look of the jockey list may become permanent. U.S. youngsters are no longer attracted to the racetracks. One reason is that they do not want to work at the menial tasks necessary in the development of jockeys. Another is the fact that the American standard of living produces fewer and fewer small-sized boys. On the other hand, large numbers of Latin American youngsters are born and raised hungry, both in the literal sense and from the viewpoint of opportunities. The Latin jockey brings with him a driving impulse to beat the *Yanqui* every time and a knowledge of horses acquired early in life. By U.S. default, then, and because horse racing offers a quick course to wealth and fame beyond their reach in other fields, the Baccas and Yearas are here to stay—and at the top.

They promise a colorful future for horse racing. Unlike most American jockeys, the Latins climax their riding performances with showmanship. Avelino Gomez rides into the winner's enclosure like a conquistador. After shaking his whip to the crowd, he swings his right leg from his irons and turns his body so that he is sitting at a right angle to the horse's head. Then, by pushing his hand down hard on the saddle, he catapults himself high into the air and freezes himself at attention while drifting to the ground. Baeza will always be remembered for his performance last June when he won the Belmont Stakes with the 65-to-1 shot, *Sherluck*. He plucked carnations from the winner's wreath and flacked them gently to the cheering crowd.

The rise of the Latins can be traced back to 1946, when a 17-year-old youngster from a Mexican family of 22 came to this country to ride. His name was Angel Valenzuela. Although born in McNary, Texas, Angel was taken as a child to Porvenir, Mexico (near Juarez) and learned to handle horses at his father's combination farm and ranch (at other times his father ran a poolroom, butcher shop and store—all without success). There were some cow ponies on the farm, and Angel cared for them and rode them. Soon he began riding at bush league tracks, and by 1952 he was good enough to try California's Hollywood Park.

Shortly after Angel got to California, his brother Ismael (Milo), age 18, arrived there also. Milo had learned everything that Angel had learned, picking up experience during five years of riding at bush league tracks, where he walked "hots" and mucked out stalls. By the end of 1952 Milo was riding more winners than Angel, and horsemen began to talk mostly of him. Today both are successful, but Milo is outstanding. He has won a Kentucky Derby and Preakness (both with *Tim Tam* in 1958), a Garden State (with *Warfare* in 1959), and in 1956 he beat both *Nashua* and *Swaps* on two different horses (*Porterhouse* over *Swaps* and *Mister Gus* over *Nashua*). In the jockeys' rooms the conversations about Milo are usually flattering. Elsewhere the talk is something different. He has been arrested several times for driving while intoxicated, and his habit of arguing with horse owners in public places has not endeared him to them.

Once, in telling of his father's death, Milo said, "He broke the record for having one disease. He had it 32 years and doctors don't know how he lived. He wanted to die in Mexico, so he never saw me ride. But he cooked poison ivy



OFT-SUSPENDED MANUEL YCAZA IS MOST FAMOUS OF GROUP



CUBA'S AVELINO GOMEZ IS NOW GETTING A SECOND CHANCE

and would drink it to live. He died of that disease, but he broke the record with it." Before Milo dies he may break many of racing's records.

While the Valenzuelas were the first to draw the attention of racing insiders to the Latin Americans, Manuel Yeaza, age 23, was the first to draw the attention of the fans. Since coming to this country from Panama in 1958, Yeaza has ridden 890 winners who have earned \$6 million. One of nine children of a Panama City bus driver, Yeaza is probably the most colorful of all the Latins. He is skilled, romantic, debonair and, at times, reckless. In the last six years stewards have suspended him for fouls for more than one full year (376 racing days). He tries terribly hard not to foul, but in his eagerness to win he often does.

Braulio Baeza, at 21, has won five major races and eight minor ones in the last two weeks. He is already booked to ride one of the favorites, Admiral's Voyage, in the Kentucky Derby. Both his father and grandfather were jockeys in Panama. He came to the U.S. in 1960 after riding 309 winners in 112 days in Panama. Fred Hooper gave him a horse to work out at Hialeah. He asked Baeza to go a half mile in 50 seconds. Hooper then timed the horse in 49 seconds. When Baeza brought the horse back, Hooper asked him how fast he thought he had gone. "Forty-nine," said Baeza. "Hired," said Hooper.

A Cuban who may be the best of all

The oldest of the Latins is 33-year-old Avelino Gomez, a hatchet-faced native of Cuba. Gomez is now riding here for the second time. In 1951 he rode Curandero to victory in the \$100,000 Washington Park Handicap. With his \$10,000 cut of the purse he began building a large house in Havana which he named The Curandero. After refusing to answer a U.S. Army draft call in 1951, Gomez shifted to Canada, where he became a hit at the Fort Erie and Woodbine tracks near Toronto. He earned enough money there to build a bar in Havana and, naturally, called it The Toronto Bar. Gomez was the leading rider in Canada for five years, and American jockeys who rode against him there rate him the equal of Eddie Arcaro or Willie Shoemaker. Avelino is riding here on a special permit pending the outcome of a bill now before the House Judiciary Committee that may clear him of draft evasion and make it possible for him to become a U.S. citizen eventually.

Herberto Hinojosa, the 25-year-old son of a Mexican mother with Indian blood and a Castilian father, began riding when he was 8—tied onto a quarter horse to keep him aboard. At 16 he turned up at Ruidoso Downs in New Mexico. "In 1956," he says, "I lead all the riders at Ruidoso Downs, but when I get my neck and my leg and my arm and four ribs broken I begin to think maybe I am in the wrong place. If I am going to be broken up, it may as well be at a big track. Maybe I don't win so many on the big time, but at least I will be alive." In five years Hinojosa became a first-rate rider. He was the leading jockey at the recent Tropical Park meeting. Heliodoro Gustines, a Panamanian now riding at Hialeah; Victor Espinosa, a Mexican riding at Charles Town; and Robert Yancey, also of Mexican descent, are others about to make the top ranks.

These days American jockeys like Shoemaker, Arcaro, Longden and Bill Hartack no longer bother to look back over their shoulders. They know all too well who is coming up behind them.

ENO



YOUTHFUL HELIODORO GUSTINES MAY BE NEXT LATIN STAR



TEXAS-BORN HERBERTO HINOJOSA BEGAN RIDING AT 8

A STARTLING LOOK INTO THE SPORTING FUTURE



In three years of research, a presidential committee headed by Laurence Rockefeller gathered the details for a portrait of Americans at play—now and in the year 2000

by HENRY ROMNEY

The American people this week were presented with a portrait of themselves such as they have never had before. For the first time they were pictured in the kaleidoscopic variety of their sport-filled outdoor world. This week, in fact, a new scientific discipline was born—a discipline to which this magazine, in a prophetic series two years ago, gave the name “social conservation”; the study of the recreational needs of the 180 million Americans now populating this country and of the millions yet to come.

The man responsible for this important new look at America is Laurence Rockefeller, third oldest of the five Rockefeller brothers. Inheritor of his father's pioneering role in conservation, Rockefeller on Sept. 15, 1958 was appointed by President Eisenhower to head up the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission and provide the answers to three basic questions.

- 1) What are the recreation needs of the American people now and what will they be in the years 1976 and 2000?
- 2) What are the recreation resources available to fill those needs now and in the years 1976 and 2000?
- 3) What policies and programs should be recommended to make sure that the needs of the present and future are adequately and efficiently met?



Drawings by James Flax

President Kennedy, reportedly reading a \$2.5 billion, eight-year conservation and recreation program for presentation to Congress on February 21, received those answers



in a report from the Rockefeller Commission—a report that in its final form will be backed up by 26 specific studies and will add up to almost 5,000 pages of thorough detail.

The ORRRC report is certain to be a matter of violent controversy for years. In a field where passions are aroused easily, it favors no one and will certainly please no one wholly. Yet its recommendations were accepted unanimously—in itself a notable achievement—by the ORRRC group, whose professional commitments range from the lumber industry to politics. Its statistics are based on three years of surveying the U.S. and questioning its inhabitants, urban, suburban and rural. While its conclusions may be argued, its facts are established. Some of them are startling reversals of hitherto popular beliefs:

- Americans may be a nation of drivers but they are a nation of walkers as well—walking for pleasure ranks second (behind driving) in the report's list of outdoor activities.
- The flabby teen-ager would seem to be more sociological

myth than reality—12-to-17-year-olds are the most active group in America, with swimming at the top of their list, walking for pleasure and bicycling next in line.

- There is more open country available for outdoor recreation in the U.S. than was heretofore supposed—one-eighth of the country (283 million acres) has already been set aside for public recreation, and uncounted millions more of private land are in constant use.
- Swimming is the most popular "true sport" (as opposed to walking or driving, in which the exercise or pleasure may be incidental). Swimming ranks fourth on the activity list, and will be three times as popular, leading the list, by the year 2000. Water skiing is the fastest-growing sport, and bicycling (eighth on the list) is still holding its own, despite scooters, karts and hot rods.
- More than 90% of all Americans engage in some form of outdoor recreation during the course of a year.

Not unnaturally, the demand for outdoor recreation is greatest where there are the most people: near the cities. It is most acute in the Northeast, where masses of people are crowded into the "megapolitis" stretching from Portland, Me. to Norfolk, Va. But the same sort of concentration of population is developing elsewhere in the nation. The U.S. is becoming urbanized at a rate of more than a million acres a year. As much new land has been put to urban and industrial use in the last 15 years as in the entire previous history of the country.

By the year 2000 some 73% of the total population will be living in metropolitan areas. Within the next 40 years America will become almost completely urban in outlook as well as in geographical fact. While this trend will be most pronounced in the Northeast, it will spread to other regions of the country as well. The West, for example, will have the highest growth rate in the nation in metropolitan population.

Thus, the most important characteristic of the demand for outdoor recreation in the future will be its city focus, and it is clear that the forces that shape our metropolitan civilization will also dominate the future of outdoor recreation. Between the years 1960 and 2000 the city-focused total population is expected to double, and activities in outdoor recreation, despite ever-constricting space, will nearly triple. This kind of growth—at differing rates—will take place



with respect to all forms of sports and recreation. Swimming, for example, will rise from somewhat over five dips per person in 1960 to almost seven in 1976 and nine in 2000, and there will be more than 100 million swimmers.

Part of the reason for this disproportionate growth is greater income and leisure. One remarkable forecast shows that while at present some 37% of all "consumer units" earn \$10,000 and over, 40% of all units will do so by 1976 and 60% by the year 2000—and this in terms of 1959 dollars. Obviously, this will bring sports involving expensive travel and/or equipment within the means of a far greater number of Americans, who also will have more time. By 1976 the standard workweek will average 36 hours as against 39 hours in 1960.

So much for the "demand"—people looking for a place to relax, to exercise, to refresh themselves. How stands the "supply"—land and water?

The most striking conclusion of the commission's inventory of America's outdoor recreation resources is the paradox of a seeming abundance of open land, not just in the



thinly populated areas but even relatively near the megapolitis itself. Most of our public land—84% of national forests, for example—is in the mountains of the West or Alaska. Yet New York state has a vast recreation reservoir in its upstate forest preserve—a preserve not quite available for regular use by New Yorkers. Michigan has huge recreation resources in public ownership—astonishingly out of range of the people of Detroit.

Availability is not merely a question of distance. It also is one of use. Many of the New York and Michigan areas offer the city dweller nothing but a view. In the neighborhood of urban concentrations wild or little-developed land will have to be modified to include highly developed "pockets" which can accommodate a great many people looking for a wide variety of sport and recreation. An example of "effective acres" is seen in the trend of visits to the highly developed state parks during the period 1950-59. While visits increased by 123%, acreage increased by only 22%. In contrast, the national parks, generally less developed, in 1960 had five times as many acres as the state parks but less than one-third as many visits.

If development is ever to be undertaken as a matter of policy in the national parks it will have to be over the dead bodies of a highly vocal group of "nature sanctuary" conservationists who oppose all but the most modest changes. The only alternative is to buy land where it is most needed. The Great Beach of Cape Cod, which Congress authorized as a National Seashore in 1961, is an example. This, of course, takes money—in the case of Cape Cod, not less than \$16 million.

The ORRRC conscientiously surveyed the public lands of the United States (federal, state and municipal) to make up an inventory of what is available. Herewith a sampling of what they found on 5,000 areas, each of 40 acres or more:

continued on page 35

A SLIPPERY, TRICKY ROAD TO GLORY

As they head for the world championships in Chamonix, the French skiers are gamely trying to prove that they are still kings of the downhill

by WILLIAM RADEMAEKERS



The day before the Hahnenkamm downhill race in Kitzbühel, Austria, Adrien Duvillard, a leading member of the French team, was blazing down the mountain on a trial run when suddenly he rose from his crouched "egg position" and skied the final 750 yards straight up, laughing and waving his arms in pure joy. The course was hard and fast, just the way the French like it. While skiers from other countries struggled for balance, the rest of the French team finished its trial runs with ease, posted the best four times and then rushed off to a tea dance where they did the twist nonstop for several hours.

If the joy that comes with speed were all that mattered, the French would be sure favorites to sweep the downhill title at the world ski championships in Chamonix, France this month. But joy doesn't count for much, and on any downhill course it takes little more than a sudden change in the weather to ruin a good man's chances. Europe's slopes have been cursed with mild weather this

winter, and several tune-up races, including the famed Lauberhorn downhill in Wengen, Switzerland, have been canceled. It was properly cold when the French team made its impressive trial runs at the Hahnenkamm, but that night it turned warm and for the actual competition the next morning the course was slush. Duvillard, so fast in his trial run the day before, started second and lumbered down the mountain like an elephant. At the bottom he yanked off his skis and tried to get word to his teammates that they were using the wrong wax. But the other top French skiers, Guy Périllat and Leo Lacroix, had already gone off. The race was won by an outsider, Willi Forrer of Switzerland, whose 180 pounds were effective on the slow course. If the course in Chamonix is similarly slow, the downhill will turn into a guessing game—a wax race. If it is fast (and the French "groundkeepers" will try to make sure it is) the French should win, although whatever the condition of the course they will be pressed

by Austrians like Karl Schranz, who won the downhill in Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy last week on a fast track.

In Chamonix the Austrians should dominate the slalom, although in tune-up races, the warm weather has again acted as a leveler. The Lauberhorn slalom was run on 600 pounds of snow cement—"a race to see who could ski best on rock and grass," said America's Buddy Werner. The Austrians had won the Lauberhorn slalom for six straight years, but on "rock and grass" they failed. The race was won by Switzerland's Adolf Mathis, a skier barely known outside his own family.

Following the slushy downhill, the weather turned cold again for the Hahnenkamm slalom, and it seemed certain that one of the Austrians would win. Austria's Gerhard Nennung led in the first run, with teammates Pepi Stueger, Hias Leitner and Martin Burger third, fifth and sixth. Unnoticed in eighth place was a member of the American team, Chuck Ferries, a 22-year-old



AUSTRIA'S GERHARD NIENNING HURTTLES OVER A BUMP AS HE MAKES HIS DOWNHILL RUN TO WIN THE HAHNENKAMM COMBINED TITLE

junior at the University of Denver.

Ferries was the third man through the gates of the second course and he took them gracefully. His time was 69.7 for a total of 146.9, but it meant little until the leaders had raced. Périllat gave him a scare by coming from far back to finish with 147.6. The Frenchman skied over to Ferries, patted him on the shoulder and said, "You got it made, Chuck." Ferries smiled but looked anxiously uphill. Austria's Stiegler came down, slower. So did Lettner and Burger. Finally just one man remained, Nienning. A loudspeaker droned: "Nienning will need 73.3 to beat the American Chuck Ferries." Maneuvering cautiously through the gates, Nienning hit the finish at 73.6, a loser.

It was a grand occasion for Ferries and the U.S. team—the first major European title to go to an American since Buddy Werner won the Hahnenkamm downhill in 1959. Last week Ferries won another title, the slalom in Cortina, but even so the odds will be against him in

Chamonix. His victories prove he can ski with the big boys, but there are a good number of big boys. For all his promise, he is a lone American against at least four good Austrians and several Frenchmen. Because of their numerical strength, if nothing else, Austria and France have the best chance in the slalom in Chamonix.

In the downhill, too, America's best man, Buddy Werner, is bucking a strong European gang and to win will need some luck that, in his case, seems long overdue. The Austrians have nicknamed Werner *Perchogel*, or hard luck kid. He fell in the 1958 FIS downhill when he was within sight of the finish line and a possible victory over Toni Sailer. He broke his leg training in Aspen just before the 1960 winter Olympics. This year he won a giant slalom in Courchevel, France, but in most of the other races he has fallen. This is Werner's way, desperate, incautious. "Either Buddy is over the finish line a full two seconds faster than anyone else or he is lying

out there somewhere on the track," says Chuck Ferries.

The American girls have a better chance than the men of winning a medal in Chamonix. Joan Hannah (*see cover*) finished second in the giant slalom in Courchevel, Linda Meyers won the giant slalom and took third in the slalom in Grindelwald, Switzerland. Barbara Ferries, Chuck's 17-year-old sister, has placed high in several races and may improve in Chamonix. But like the U.S. men, the girls are outnumbered. There are at least 20 swift European girls, among the best of them Traudl Hecher and Erika Netzer of Austria, Heidi Biebl of West Germany and Piri Riva of Italy.

Even if the American girls win nothing in Chamonix, their trip to Europe will be a success. The Austrians have already conceded that the American girls, winning or losing, make a fine impression on the slopes, and an equally fine one at 5 o'clock tea. In France, as the following pages reveal, that's important.

END

HIGH LIFE FOR SKIERS



Among the jagged, snow-swept peaks of the French Alps a new and glittering assortment of ski resorts is now competing in the European sweepstakes for the winter tourist's dollar. All have modern lifts, gourmet restaurants and typically French night life. The story of these late-blooming resorts starts on the next page



Le Food, les Girls and Now le Ski

To most travelers France has always meant great food, fine wine, lovely women and high fashions, but not until recently has France meant skiing. Over the past 10 years, however, the French government has spent or loaned to private investors \$116 million to build hotels, restaurants and lifts in Chamonix, Megève, Val-d'Isère and other, smaller resorts. It has even built a whole new ski town called Courchevel in the middle of a once-barren Alpine cow pasture. As a

result of this energetic program, France has suddenly jumped from a poor third—or fourth or fifth, behind Austria, Switzerland and perhaps Germany and Italy—to the front rank of European winter resort nations. Last year skiing was a \$60 million business in France, and this year it should be even more.

At the same time it prepared to receive foreign tourists, the government has been encouraging more Frenchmen to ski. Each year 10,000 schoolchildren are given

subsidized study vacations in the Alps. There are today nearly a million skiers in France, twice as many as five years ago. The French national ski team is the best in the world (SI, March 13), and it will try to prove so again at the world championships in Chamonix.

The oldest of the French resorts, Chamonix is a town of narrow, twisting streets, shielded from the sun by lofty peaks that provide the skier with wonderful high mountain skiing (*see pages*

continued

Photographs by Brian Seed



by WALTER BINGHAM

A street vendor in Chamonix prepares crêpes au beurre, flake-thin pancakes soaked in sugar and, if desired, brandy. This stand is typical of the town's simple charm, along with its crooked streets and its tall, narrow houses. Chamonix is an old French village as well as a resort—there are as many natives as tourists—and those who are disenchanted with the hustle and polish of the newest ski centers will enjoy it.

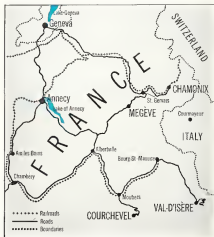


A pretty skier in Courchevel relaxes with her escort on a snowy mountaintop before making the run back to town. Newest of the French ski areas, Courchevel's major building program is not yet finished—but it is already both a luxurious vacation spot and a real skier's resort. A majority of the first-class hotels are built along the edge

of the slopes, and all lifts start within a few yards of each other, so that the skier can push off from his hotel in the morning, ski down to the center of town and catch any lift he wants. Then, when the lifts close in the afternoon, he can coast right back to his door. Courchevel even has one floodlit trail that is open several nights a week.

20-21). One of the most thrilling ski experiences in all Europe is to ride the cable car out of the dark streets of Chamonix, up toward Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe. From here the skier can choose between the steep trails back to Chamonix, and the plunge down

Courchevel, about 75 miles away by road, contrasts sharply with Chamonix. It is new and sunny and very chic. There are hairdressers and boutiques and waiters in white jackets. The whole town is made of pine, which gives it a raw, unfinished look. It almost seems possible



LINKED BY ROAD AND RAIL. French resorts can be reached by bus or car ride from Geneva or by overnight train (with bus connection) from Paris.

the opposite slope to Courmayeur in Italy, 8,000 feet below.

During the early winter this year, the French ski team was training in Chamonix. Even before it arrived, there was hardly a shop in town that did not have on display an autographed picture of Guy Périllat, hero of the team and the world's best downhill skier. At Christmas, Périllat was tooting about Chamonix in a bright red Alfa Romeo. One day, looking for a parking space near his favorite restaurant and finding none, he drove his car along the sidewalk and parked in front of the place. Downhill champions are big men in Europe.

that, when the snow season ends, the buildings will be packed away in boxes for the summer. But there is nothing impermanent in the look of the mountains and lifts, which provide a better variety of skiing than the steep, wild trails of Chamonix. In Val-d'Isère, too, the slopes are open and varied—the best in all of France. But the nightclubs are quiet. So the less dedicated ski travelers usually head for Megève, the most fashionable of the resorts. It was in Megève that the Peugeotts, the automobile family, and the kidnapers of the Peugeotts' young son visited the same nightclub, sitting only a few tables from each other.

continued

Two skiers pick their way through the bumps on the vast expanse of open slopes above Val-d'Isère, the resort that offers the greatest variety of skiing in France.





FRENCH SKIING *continued*

Now nightclub owners all over town are claiming, "They sat right over there."

Brigitte Bardot skis at Megève, or so Megève claims. In the Du Mont Blanc Hotel is a bathtub just for her, built beside a large picture window. "She wanted a view of the mountains," the manager explains.

A day of skiing in the French Alps begins about 8. Breakfast—coffee, rolls and jam—is always eaten in the room. There is no hurry. Most lifts don't operate until 9 and the ski schools don't start until 10. The experienced skiers are at the top, learning how to run a slalom. Beginners are at the bottom, slipping and falling, trying to avoid the dogs that seem to be everywhere. The French love dogs, and they are socially acceptable in restaurants, nightclubs, hotel rooms and on ski trails.

Transportation to the top of the mountain is by *téléférique*, or cable car. The *téléférique* looks like a small subway without seats. Some even carry advertising. The crowd that jams aboard is like a subway crowd, too. The French are major league pushers, and when 500 French skiers jockey for position aboard one 40-man *téléférique* the elbows are busy.

At noon everything stops for lunch. Banks close, tows stop running and skiers disappear from the slopes. For more than two hours at midday, France eats. The American used to a quick sandwich and a glass of milk finds himself confronted by a six-course meal. It is always delicious, but it can deaden the desire for afternoon skiing. Dinner is late—most restaurants don't open until 7:30—and when it is over, many people are ready for bed. Those with no interest in skiing tomorrow have a cognac in one of the nightclubs.

The typical French resort nightclub is small and noisy. If there are two rooms, one is dim, the other dark. In the outer room, people sit on low stools around low tables, sipping and talking. The inner room is crowded with youngsters doing the twist or lindy to American tunes like *Chicago* and *Yellow Submarine*. This can go on all night.

"We are meant to close at 2," explained a man in Megève. "But if you are quiet and do not disturb anyone, the gendarmes will look the other way. After all, monsieur, you are in France." **END**



Countertop lindy, danced on a nightclub bar, is so commonplace in freewheeling Megève that other customers don't bother to watch. Megève has half a dozen night spots with jazz bands, singers and comedians imported from Paris. It also has lubes in monk coats, girls in pink stretch pants and poodles in checkered vests.

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My background is Oriental, but our tradition-steeped culture is only part of Hawaii's rich heritage.



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In Hawaii, we call newcomers "*mohikins*"... a friendly Hawaiian term for new arrivals. And how the *mohikins* love our luau... true royal feasts... with music and laughter as accompaniment.



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As director of Honolulu's Academy of Arts, I'll show you one of the world's great collections of Oriental art and works of many of the masters.



THE UBIQUITOUS HANDS OF MR. C.



Rubber bands on the wrists identify pro basketball's most omnipresent hands. The hands belong to Wilt Chamberlain, and, as the pictures here and on following pages show, they are scooping in rebounds (left), blocking shots and dunking points at a record rate. Wilt's 7-foot height keeps his hands near the basket. He wears the rubber bands for luck.

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman



Wilt's long reach takes the ball away from Philly teammate Tom Meschery (above), and his long fingers flip it away from rival giant Ray Felix of Los

Angeles (right). By controlling rebounds in this simple way, Chamberlain seldom allows Warrior opponents more than one missed shot at the basket.

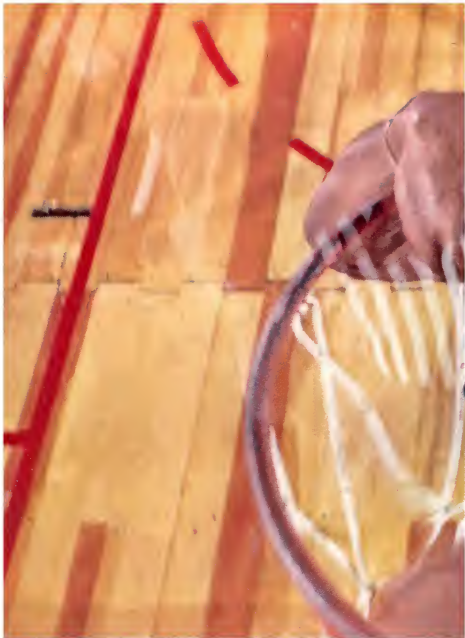




The most intimidating hand in basketball prepares to block another shot (left) and tips in a two-pointer with just two fingers (below). Some of the

things Wilt does on a court can be countered, but for one weapon in his arsenal there is no defense. Turn the page and see why it is called a dunk.







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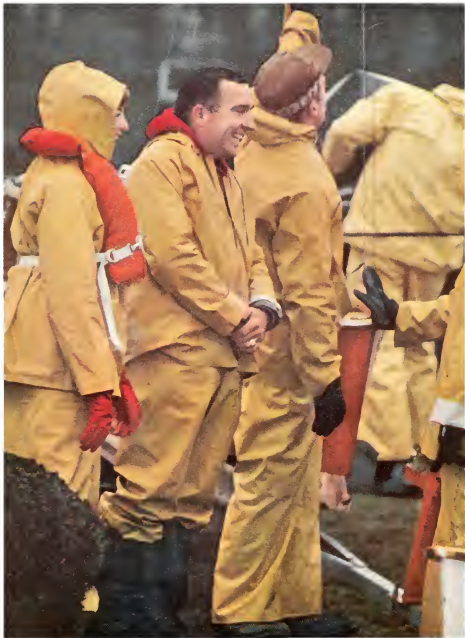


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WARM SMILES FOR



A COLD DUNKING

About the only people cheerful enough to come out in mid-January to watch a bunch of boating diehards called frostbiters—dinghy-racing sailors from all yachting classes who find competition hottest when the coldest winds are blowing—are other frostbiters. At a typical regatta off Port Washington, N.Y. (shown here and on the next two pages) Frostbiters Earl and Dottie Lou Miles enjoy rival sailor Jean Sutphen's imminent dunking, their appreciation heightened, perhaps, by the memory of times when they themselves were in the same cold boat.

Photographs by Tony Truilo

Ice floes complicate a traffic jam in Manhasset Bay's Frostbite Regatta. Out of 106 starters, only 37 dinghies finished the race.





Make 'em push the panic button

An explosive, gambling defense called the zone press has become the big weapon for top teams

In the final moments of a game in Los Angeles last month USC Coach Forrest Twogood saw his best guard suddenly lose the ball three times and almost throw away a sure victory against Purdue. Furious, Twogood turned and tried to drop-kick his chair into the box seats. It was an understandable reaction, but Twogood was merely exemplifying the feelings of all victims of an increasingly popular tactic that has become the most exciting and exasperating maneuver in basketball—the zone press.

A wide-open, gambling defense with many variations, the zone press is a delight to both spectators and the coaches who get away with it. Spectators enjoy it because, unlike most of basketball's complex strategy, it is simple to recognize and always produces dramatic results. Maybe not the hoped-for results, but still dramatic. Coaches like it because it can compensate for lack of size, it can destroy the tempo of an opponent's offense and it offers a last desperate hope for as many as 20 straight points that can save a seemingly lost game. "It can be a tremendous psychological weapon," says Pete Newell, whose California teams used it well. "A team that is ill-prepared to face it can be reduced to chaos and panic," says Twogood. "It frustrates the opposition beyond explanation," says Byron Gilbreath, the assistant coach at Georgia Tech, which often uses it.

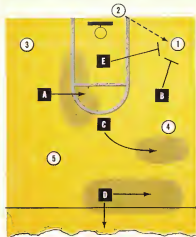
The basic principle of the zone press is simple: to put two men on the opposing player who has the ball while also trapping him against a sideline. Thus surrounded and harassed, he can rarely get off a safe pass even though one of his teammates must be open somewhere. By leaving a man free, the defense takes a calculated risk, but it is a risk that often pays off.

One of the best zone presses in the country is Ohio State's, which starts from the basic position shown at right. State has just scored. Its men are shown by black squares. A and B are its two big forwards, John Havlicek and Doug McDonald. Instead of retreating up the court, they converge on offensive player 1 as soon as he gets the pass in bounds from 2. Since 1 and 2 are guards, they are usually smaller men. Thus 1 finds himself trying to contend with two bigger men cartwheeling their arms and blocking his vision. Meanwhile the Buckeyes' faster men, guards C and D, are in a position to try to intercept any weak or misdirected pass. If 1 should pass to 2, coming on court at his left, B and D then converge and trap 2 as the press continues.

Note the Buckeye center, E, acting as a safety man in case the press is broken. This is the press Ohio State used so sensationally against Louisville in the NCAA tournament last year, stealing the ball twice in the last two minutes to score five points and win by one.



Cincinnati's half-court press



Arizona State's deep press

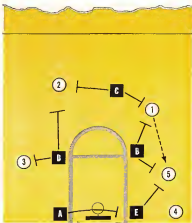
The zone press used by Arizona State (*above*) is altogether different from Ohio State's and somewhat riskier, for the safety man (D) is way up at mid-court. This press usually starts following a successful free throw. If the player who made the shot is a forward or center he steps in front of the foul line, as E has done, where his job is to prevent any pass up the middle. The two guards, C and D, are in a straight line behind him. The pass in from 2 is permitted to go to either 1 or 3, for that is where Arizona State wants the ball. If the pass is to 1, E and B, two big men, converge on 1, while C slides over to cover the zone where the next pass is most likely to be attempted. Likewise, D and A take responsibility for the shaded areas shown. If 1 passes cross-court to 3, the trap simply shifts to the other side.

One object of the zone press is to force a weak lob-pass, which gives the defense time to adjust even when it can't intercept. "But the harassment is more effective than the interceptions you might get," says Ned Wulk, Arizona State's coach. "The press is almost—but not entirely—a psychological device. It plays on panic." One intriguing aspect of the zone press is that it is often most effective against a very good guard who dribbles well. Such a guard tries to dribble out of trouble instead of looking for help. "You can't whip this press with fancy dribbling," says Wulk. His teams are now so well drilled in the press that they can shift into it in mid-play at the shout of the apt code word "fire." But Wulk didn't teach the press at all until an awful night in the 1957 NIT championship when he watched Bradley use it to outscore his Xavier team 30-4 in one brief stretch. Shaken, Xavier missed 19 good shots during those minutes, and Wulk was a convert to the zone press.

Almost all teams with the ability and discipline to use a full-court zone press also have a half-court press which is not applied until the offensive team has crossed the center line. Many coaches prefer this type of press, for it gives the defense an opportunity to assemble and attack the ball in an orderly fashion. It also greatly reduces the fumble, since there is less room for an opponent to work free for an easy layup. The half-court press shown below is a 1-2-2 used by National Champion Cincinnati. Again, two men go for the ball handler, 1. If he passes to 5, B and E converge on 5, while A moves across in case of a pass to 4. A pass to 2 would put D and C on the ball. As usual, an opposing man is always left unguarded, but the presumption is that the man with the ball will be so harassed that he will not be able to find and pass to that open man.

Another type of half-court zone press is a 3-1-1, with the back man being the center, who plays under the basket. West Virginia, always a good pressing team, used this with great success in the 1959 NCAA championship game with California, where it overcame a 13-point deficit and almost won. Ohio State used it recently against Washington for a completely different reason. Ahead but foreseeing a very close game if Washington was permitted to continue its slow and deliberate offense, Ohio State put on a press that left a Washington player very clear in one corner. Washington had no choice but to pass to him, the player had no choice but to shoot, and even though he scored Ohio State had succeeded in changing the tempo of the game to the much faster pace at which it excels and Washington does not. After the defensive move altered the pattern of the game, State's offense began functioning properly. The Buckeyes won by 10 points and, as it has been more and more frequently, the press was the key to victory.

END



The fighter at home with Yogi Bear

Terry Downes, who will defend his middleweight title in April, is a cocky Englishman with a strong feeling for *la vita casalinga*

She has a bad cold," said Terry Downes, looking with concern in the direction of his 2-year-old daughter, Wendy. He took out his handkerchief and applied it knowingly to Wendy's nose. Then he instructed her to go away so he could "talk with this man."

Wendy was crushed by her daddy's offhand banishment and began to bawl. Terry immediately relented, took her in his arms and cuddled her tenderly. Under these ministrations, Wendy's tears soon subsided and Terry, calling on that well-known parental escape hatch, said: "Go look at television. Go tell me if Yogi Bear is on." Wendy padded off toward the set blaring in an adjoining room. "And turn it down," he shouted after her.

This was England's Terry Downes at home, middleweight champion of that sizable portion of the world outside the National Boxing Association's domain, scheduled to defend his title against Paul Pender in Boston on April 7, confident that if he beats Pender he will meet the NBA's champion, Gene Fullmer, within 90 days for the undisputed championship of the world.

Downes lives in Willesden in northwest London. It is a homey place: hedges, plot of grass, wooden gate painted green, flagstone walk bordered with flowers, two small cars in the driveway; within, roominess, central heating and tasteful, present-day furnishings.

In these surroundings Downes was a convincingly domesticated brawler, and rather proud of it, too. "I'm really a stay-at-home bloke," he said. His blocky cockney accent, normally prominent in his talk, was hardly noticeable.

"I go on the road in the morning, early," he went on, "come home, rest and have some breakfast. If I'm not in the gym in the afternoon, I go to my betting shops [legal bookmaking operations for off-track betting]. I have two of them, with my manager, Sam Burns. Even if I'm in training I try to get to the shops before the end of the day's racing. When it's your own money they're fiddling with, you like to be around, don't you? After we figure up, I come home, have my supper, squat down in front of the television like anyone else, I suppose, and—well, that's my lot. It isn't much, is it? But I respect what I have, the title and all, without making a big thing of it. I like it here." An all-encompassing wave of his hand indicated that "here" meant the family realm.

The other Terry

Away from this, in contrast, Downes's public face is that of a brash, glib young man in the cheeky cockney tradition. It is not necessarily false. He has, indeed, a "presence" and an inherent sense of publicity, as when he goes about the land tossing off eminently publishable phrases about his tender "hooter" (nose) and the vagaries of boxing officials and officialdom in America, particularly Boston. He also can fight a bit, as they say. A British journalist, in a set piece of English insularity, has extolled him as "an immortal of boxing." Terry is hardly that, and he knows it. He is, though, that rare specimen in contemporary British pugilism, namely, a colorful and "authentic" fighter, and he knows this, too.

Little of this other Downes was showing during the at-home. Tea and cake

had been served on delicate china by his wife, Barbara. Wendy was now completely engrossed by the smarter-than-the-average bear, and Terry was settled back in his chair, talking about his title and his times.

"Over here," he said, "we don't reckon two middleweight champions. We don't care if the NBA recognizes Gene Fullmer or some guy in Japan. If those people in America can't follow their own rules, we don't care. Our commission says that there's one champion—me—and don't come telling them about another one."

This recognition of sorts and his celebrity's taint puts a special burden on Downes—an peculiarly British circumstance. The British sports fan, prodded by an all-seeing press, tends to overhonor all his athletes, but particularly his fighters—probably because there are so few good ones. The "few," accordingly, are toasted and tempted beyond reasonableness. And since boxers as a breed are not renowned for restraint it takes a steady hand to survive the plaudits and parties.

A present example of one who has wavered is Terry Spinks, a darling of the fight set since he won the Olympic flyweight championship for Great Britain in Melbourne in 1956. Spinks, now a professional, has recently been overweight and under fire from the British Boxing Board of Control because of, as one man wrote it, his liking for "money and girls, ginger pop and jam tarts. . . ." This standard-curious combination, apparently, makes for British fighters *la dolce vita*.

Downes is surviving. He consumes neither pop nor tarts, his attentions to women are confined to Barbara and Wendy and he is putting his money to work. He owns some rental properties and is planning to go in on two more betting shops. ("The name on the door helps a bit," he said.) For him, in short, *la vita casalinga*—the home life—is the thing. Owning the title has not made it necessarily more *dolce*, or, for that matter, less *casalingo*.

"I'll make an appearance . . . charity show, bazaar, things like that, when I'm asked," he said, "but I can only go once to each place. I go to the big fights for a bow; you have to let people know you're around—not that I worry about it. Like the other day, I was stopped at a traffic light and a big Rolls, chauffeur and all, pulled up beside me. You know how you look at one of those deals. Well, I

looked, and the man in the back seat waved at me. I didn't recognize him. I figured he probably was one of the guys who sits at ringside at my fights, so I waved back. Then when he pulled away I saw from the initials on his plate that he was this big building tycoon, one of the richest men in the country. I said to myself, I remember, I said: "You should wave at me, mate. Couple of years and you won't even know who Terry Downes is." I don't mind, though. I got what I want. Home. Family. Security. Everything's paid for. When I quit, I shouldn't have any worries."

Downes's present concern is getting on with his title defense in Boston with Paul Pender. For one reason, he has £20,000 (£8,000 of his own, £12,000 of an "associate's") tied up until he fulfills the return-bout commitment with Pender. The third match in the series (Downes was stopped by Pender in Boston in January

1961, then won in London in July when Pender "retired" after nine rounds) was originally scheduled for Boston last September. It was postponed when Downes developed a seriously infected left thumb from a simple hangnail.

"I couldn't make a fist," Terry said, "and I wasn't even going to the gym. I couldn't punch the bag. I heard that Sam Silverman [Boston promoter for the match] said the fight was on for January 20. Well, Sam would have had to fight Pender himself, because I wasn't going to Boston until I was ready. It's had enough fighting there with two fists, let alone one."

Now the thumb is healed and Terry is ready, and the match is set for April 7. Was he wary about the third meeting?

"I admit Pender is a bit better boxer than I am," Downes said, "but I'm younger and stronger and I can hit harder. He probably . . ."

The forecast was interrupted. Yogi Berra and compatriots had finished, and now Wendy was back. Barbara joined the group. Much to her parents' pleasure, Wendy took over the scene.

"What was the name of the man Daddy fought?" Barbara asked Wendy, then explained, in an aside: "She saw pictures of Terry and Pender and just like that"—snap of the fingers—"she picked out her daddy. Come on, now, Wendy. What was the man's name?"

"Pen-der," Wendy said, and scowled. "Naughty Pen-der."

"And what did he do to Daddy?" Terry prompted.

"Naughty Pen-der," said Wendy, "hit Daddy on nose."

"What do you think of that?" Terry said, rocking back in his chair, laughing. "Isn't that something?"

The man had joined the family circle. Business talk was done. **END**

DAUGHTER WENDY NUZZLES TERRY'S BRUISED FACE AFTER HIS WIN OVER PAUL PENDER IN CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT IN LONDON



An open letter to the USLTA

This week the United States Lawn Tennis Association is holding its annual meeting in Los Angeles. Purpose: to choose a new president (Edward A. Tarville of St. Petersburg, whose election will be automatic since he is running unopposed) and to make plans for the year ahead. In view of the sorry year just past and the equivocal future of tennis, Sports Illustrated invited Contributing Editor Bill Talbert to address an open letter to the delegates in Los Angeles. It follows

The U.S. Lawn Tennis Assn.
Convention Headquarters
Los Angeles, Calif.

Gentlemen:

The year of tournament tennis just concluded has been without question the most humiliating in the history of the game for the United States. No American male player got as far as the semifinals in our own national championships at Forest Hills, and except for the durable Darlene Hard no American woman did any better. For the second straight year the U.S. team failed to make even the Challenge Round in Davis Cup competition. It was eliminated by an Italian team which was itself so soundly trounced later as to make almost a travesty of cup play.

In some degree, the disgraceful U.S. showing was brought about by the fact that one of our most talented young players, Dennis Ralston, was barred from competition through disciplinary action imposed by the USLTA amid a cloud of misunderstanding. This incident, more than any other, emphasized the sorry picture of U.S. topflight tennis and exposed to the public the faulty and feeble structure of our organization—an organization racked by dissension, choked by committees and totally lacking in both leadership and sense of direction.

This is the background against which you, the directing members of the USLTA, are meeting in Los Angeles this week to make plans for tennis in the year 1962. You know that right now the patient looks pretty sick, but you may be tempted to think the ailment is only temporary. At your many committee meetings the older members undoubtedly will cluck over the patient and recommend a few bracing tonics—the kind they used to make in Newport when mother was a girl—and prophesy that by spring he will leap out of his bed as robust as ever. It is my own firm conviction,

however, as well as that of many others, that the illness plaguing tennis is not nearly so trivial.

Unfortunately, I am not a doctor, nor even, I suppose, an expert in the diseases of tennis. But I do know and love the game. I have been in it most of my life, as a player both nationally and internationally, as a member of the Davis Cup team, as a USLTA committeeman and, for five years, as captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team. Despite the claims of all those who insist that everything would be all right if only we adopted new rules to eliminate the big-serve-and-volley game, omitted the word "love" from the scoring or made the court bigger, one thing I do know is that tennis' trouble is not rooted in the game itself. More people are playing and enjoying tennis now than ever before. Sporting goods companies report the sale of equipment at an alltime high. Tennis has never been healthier at the bottom, where people play it purely for fun; its miseries then must stem from the top at the national tournament level. What is making tennis sick is not the way it is played but the way it is organized and administered. What the USLTA needs now most of all is to take a hard look at itself.

Tennis has undergone tremendous change in the last half century, but the machinery for running it is essentially the same as that used in 1910. It is archaic, rusty, cumbersome and sluggish. Many of the men in responsible positions are well-meaning, but their only excuse for holding office is that they have held it for years. Some are business and professional men who gained official rank as reward for their fatherly interest in the game. Others rose to "brass button" status through service as umpires and linesmen. Too few have had experience in tournament play. As a result, no matter how pure their motives, the scope of their vision is limited. They don't know enough about the inner workings of the game to help it.

Tennis today is run by committees, so many that

their responsibilities frequently overlap. They work at cross-purposes. Their operations are hampered by petty jealousies and a constant flow of red tape. Government-by-committee is a major cause of our Davis Cup defeats. One committee selects the team and the captain. Another supervises the play itself. Committees were responsible for the Ralston disciplinary fiasco that made us ridiculous in the eyes of the world.

Tennis in the 1960s bears little resemblance to the tennis of the 1900s and 1920s on which the thinking of the USLTA is based. I get sick to death of the hackneyed, meaningless old refrain sung again and again by our tennis fathers: "Let's preserve the *amateur* game." I say: "Let's preserve the game."

Tennis is tennis, whatever the adjective you wish to attach to it. The one move that could restore it to the prestige it enjoyed in the days of Tilden, Wills and Lenglen is to restore players of that caliber to its tournaments. In tennis, as in every major sport, it is the spectator dollar spent for first-rate competition that provides the lubrication to keep the game moving on every level. By turning their backs on reality, U.S. tennis officials are starving the entire sport. The two-year loss of money from the Davis Cup Challenge Round has left a deep hole in the coffers, and the empty seats at major tournaments have not helped to fill them.

A report just published by the special committee on amateurism of the International Lawn Tennis Federation says: "The sports-loving public of the world now clamours to see the 'artist' class of player in every sport and appears quite willing to accept that the artist should have some financial consideration for his skill and artistry."

In simple language this means the public doesn't give a hoot who gets paid so long as it sees the best.

The men who run Wimbledon, the oldest, most conservative and most prestigious of all big-time tournaments, are ready right now to expunge the words "amateur" and "professional" from tournament arrangements and will almost certainly take this step at their own tournament in 1963 with or without ILTF approval. I see no reason why the USLTA should not beat them to the punch. Certainly if we are to have championship tournaments we should have the best championship talent available. Today this talent is concentrated in men like Pancho Gonzalez, Lew Hoad, Ken Rosewall, Andres Gimeno, Earl Buchholz and Barry MacKay, none of whom care to perfect their artistry without reward.

To compete for the sneaking dollar to balance the books in our association, to give the tennis fan a fair

break and to give the ambitious young beginner something to shoot for, we *must*, and promptly, eliminate the purely artificial and hypocritical class distinctions of tournament play and bring this kind of top talent back into the national game. There are, in the end, only two types of tennis players: bad players and good players. Let us, gentlemen, make an effort to encourage and hang onto the good ones.

You cannot cure with sulphur and molasses a patient in drastic need of surgery. May I suggest, then, in pondering the sickness of tennis in 1962, you make an earnest consideration of this necessary surgery your first order of business in Los Angeles and that you begin by operating on your own organization. I offer five specific suggestions:

1) An immediate infusion of experienced youth into the organization through the appointment of such men as Vic Seixas, Ted Schroeder, Sidney Wood, Tony Trabert, Ham Richardson, Gardnar Mulloy and Tom Brown to key posts. All of these men are intelligent, enthusiastic, experienced in international competition and eager to serve the game they love. There are many more like them.

2) The hiring of a strong, well-paid executive director to run things with a free hand (as does Joe Dey of the U.S. Golf Association), under the general supervision of the directors.

3) A prompt acceptance of all professionals, both teaching and touring, as a natural and important part of the game, and a determined effort to administer the game of tennis as a healthy and unified whole.

4) The healing of scars left by years of misunderstanding and misinformation through the establishment of an informed and efficient public-relations office manned by persons who know both tennis and public relations.

5) A plan for future growth rooted in the youth development program and frankly and honestly designed to recapture our position as the world's No. 1 tennis power. This plan would include a concerted effort to carry the open principle to Davis Cup play and a complete streamlining of our own cup team organization.

Let's change that losing game, gentlemen, and start winning.

Sincerely,

New York City

A 'novice miler' runs the fastest mile ever

New Zealand's burly Peter Snell, starting in one of the few mile races of his young career, took the lead with 340 yards to go, sprinted away from the field to better Herb Elliott's classic mark by a tenth of a second

Wanganui is a town of about 30,000 people, located 95 miles north of Wellington, New Zealand. Last week some 20,000 of its inhabitants repaired to a stadium known as Cook's Gardens to watch Peter Snell, the Olympic half-mile champion, have a go at the mile. Snell had run one mile earlier in the New Zealand summer, in a place called Timaru. His time then was 4:01.2, and he seemed to be dawdling. Now on a grass track burned hard and fast by the hot, dry New Zealand summer, he was going to attempt New Zealand's first sub-four-minute mile. In the field with him were Murray Halberg, the Olympic 5,000-meter champion; Bruce Tulloh of Britain; Albert Thomas, one of Australia's best distance runners; an American half-miler, Ernie Cunliffe; and two little-known New Zealanders, Barry Cossar and Alex Shaw.

Cossar, a good 880 runner, assumed the role of pacemaker in the first lap. Snell was content to run last for the first quarter, which Cossar turned in 59 seconds. At the beginning of the second lap Snell, running easily, began moving through the field until he was third behind Cossar and Halberg. Just before the half mile, Snell drove by Halberg and Cossar to take the lead. His time for the half was 1:59, placing him in certain reach of his goal.

Through the third lap Snell led Halberg by two yards; the Englishman, Tulloh, passed Halberg during this lap and was directly on Snell's heels as they began the final quarter mile. The time for three laps was 2:58, a pace which, as it turned out, kinked off the rest of the field.

Tulloh, a small, busy runner, sprinted by Snell as they went into the last lap, but Snell lengthened his stride and regained the lead with about 340 yards to

go. Then he launched an amazing, long sprint, which sent the crowd into a frenzy. At the tape Snell was some 25 yards ahead of Tulloh, with the Australian, Thomas, 30 yards behind Tulloh and Halberg another 20 yards back of him. Snell's time for the last lap was a fantas-

tic 56.4 seconds, a truly astounding exhibition of stamina, coming as it did in the wake of the fierce pace he had set for the first three laps. His time for the mile was 3:54.4, breaking the world record set by Herb Elliott in Dublin, Ireland by a tenth of a second. Snell did not appear to

POWERFULLY BURST SNELL SWIMS AFTER 800-METER VICTORY AT ROME OLYMPICS



be laboring when he finished; indeed, minutes later, when he was interviewed on a radio broadcast, his breathing was serenely even and he seemed more relaxed than the announcer.

Snell, like Halberg, trains under Arthur Lydiard, who may now be rated as the best distance coach in the world. Said Lydiard after the race: "Snell's time was

"Ever since July, when I came back from the other side of the world, I've been running a hundred miles a week on roads," he said after his race. "That went on until November when I started on a hill circuit for training. On Dec. 3 I ran in a marathon, and I don't think I did too badly in that. I've had only two months of Lydiard's half-mile training

tance men flagged. He won by a yard over straining Roger Moens of Belgium.

He was 23 on December 17 and is only now entering the period when a distance runner normally achieves his greatest strength and stamina. A week before he broke the world record in the mile Snell came within .5 of a second of breaking Tom Courtney's record in the



HERE'S ELLIOTT'S MILE

COMPARISON of record-breaking miles reveals that Elliott (left) started faster in 1958 Dublin race with a swift, 58-second first quarter (1, at right), slowed down in the middle quarters and finished with a remarkable 55.5 last quarter. Snell's first quarter (1, at right), run in 60 seconds flat, was his slowest. The next two were a second faster, the last a withering 56.4, nine-tenths of a second slower than Elliott's. Both runners trailed in their races through the first quarter, but Elliott had greater competition, with four others finishing under 3:58.6.



PETER SNELL'S MILE

logical the way he's been shaping. But it's just as logical to expect him to do better. After all, he's just a novice miler. We don't want to tackle too many miles this year, although there's bound to be a lot of pressure on him to carry on with mile runs. There's lots of time yet to cut some more off that time. And don't forget there's another miler, Dyrrol Burlison, who's liable to go just as fast."

Peter Snell is a small-town boy from Opunake in coastal dairy country. He went to school at Te Aroha and at the Mount Albert Grammar School in Auckland, where he played tennis but never went out for track. He is a most unlikely looking distance runner. While most milers are slender men with rather lean legs, Snell is a husky 5-foot-10½ 171-pounder with bulging 16½ inch calves and big thighs. He has been training for four years under Lydiard, but even the super-rigorous schedule set up by his coach has not cut down his weight.

schedule, and I haven't really done fast work over the later stages of mile training yet."

At the Olympic Games in 1960 Lydiard explained some of his coaching theory to Bill Bowerman, Oregon University coach who trains Dyrrol Burlison. "Lydiard tries for a breakthrough in stamina," Bowerman said later. "When a runner works very hard, as Lydiard's runners do, he reaches a point where he begins to ache in his ankle and knee joints. When that happens, American coaches generally ease off. Lydiard keeps the man working harder and harder until he breaks through into a kind of new dimension of endurance."

Snell first demonstrated the efficacy of this kind of training in Rome, where he won the 800-meter championship as an unknown. The heats and the heat in Rome staggered the rest of the field. Snell got stronger race by race, while the rest of the world's best middle-dis-

half mile. He might have broken the record except that a fellow New Zealander, Gary Philpott, tripped and fell in front of him, causing him to check his stride. Certainly the half-mile record would seem to be his for the taking whenever he chooses to go after it.

He is a pleasant, rather quiet man who works as a quantity surveyor for a firm in Auckland. His duties are to estimate the amount of material required for construction. Lydiard does not differentiate training for his runners by the distance they intend to compete at until after they have established a sound basis of stamina with distance running. This is the beginning of the track season in New Zealand, and Snell has just begun to work specifically on the mile and the half mile.

"I think I can improve on the mile time a little," he said after his world record. Lydiard hopes that may be the understatement of the year. **END**

SPORTING FUTURE

continued from page 17

- 10,000 picnic grounds (tables, benches, fireplaces, garbage cans) which can accommodate 3 million people at a time.
- 16,000 acres of lakes, streams and reservoirs, with basic facilities for swimming.
- 300 winter sports developments equipped to accommodate 300,000 people at a time.
- 9,600 campgrounds, with tent sites and basic facilities for a million campers.
- 19,000 overnight cabins, 1,000 lodges, motels and hotels.

But the pressure on land and facilities is great—500 million visits were paid to public recreation areas in 1960. As a result, almost all areas have expansion plans. Over the next five years swimming capacity is to be increased by 70%, campgrounds by 55%, picnic areas by 37% and winter sports areas by 36%.

Of the greatest import to recreation is the public use of private lands. No less than 6 million visits were paid in 1960 to the vast lands owned by the forest industry alone, traditionally hospitable to hunters, fishermen and campers. The ORRRC commissioned an ambitious aerial photo survey of the Northeast, which has only 4% of the public land but 25% of the population. It found, somewhat to its own surprise, that open space has by no means disappeared.



Some 450,000 sites of 30 acres or more, within reach of our large urban areas, could be adapted to picnicking, day-camping, swimming, fishing or plain relaxation—but, of course, federal, state and municipal governments will have to consider offering some sort of incentives to owners to open up their lands.

The key factor in recreation is water. Unlike public land, water is well distributed throughout the country, especially near cities. The 48 contiguous states have almost 60,000 miles of shoreline, the most desirable recreation land of all. But less than 2% of this is in public hands—only 336 miles on the Atlantic Coast and less on the Pacific. There are 95,000 square miles of inland fresh-water for fishermen—a million miles of streams and rivers and more than 100,000 lakes. They produce 522 million pounds of fish for the angler. Salt water yields another 590 million pounds. But fishing is a growing sport, and what is available now will not meet the demand over the next 25 years.

For hunters there is a great deal of land and a generous supply of game. Some 324 million acres of public lands on the continental U.S. are open to hunting, and much of the 1.4 billion acres of private land is available. But there

is a growing reluctance among private landowners to allow the public to hunt on their property. The result is that much of the most desirable hunting land is being posted or leased to private sportsmen's clubs. This, in turn, has led each of the states to develop some program to acquire public hunting rights to private property through cooperative programs and other incentives.

With facts and figures well in hand after three years of research, Rockefeller and his commissioners tackled their last assignment: to recommend a program which would ensure every American his rightful place in the sun. ORRRC's 51 specific and detailed recommendations sort themselves out into five broad avenues leading toward a desirable "recreation environment."

The first outlines specific responsibilities to be assigned to the three levels of government and to private enterprise. The federal government, under this national outdoor recreation policy, would be responsible for managing the public lands for the broadest possible recreation benefit consistent with other essential uses—e.g., lumbering, water storage and the like. State and local governments in turn would be entrusted with the purchase and development of land.

In the realm of financing, the report foresees the need of some government assistance to the states in the planning, acquisition and development of recreational areas. Outdoor recreation is today a \$20-billion-a-year market, but some form of grants-in-aid would be essential as demands grow.

To coordinate the entire recreational program at the federal level, ORRRC recommends setting up a Bureau of Outdoor Recreation. This single agency would replace or supersede the 20 or so federal agencies that now have varying responsibilities and interests in the field; it would avoid the conflicts that so often bedevil the picture and stymie effective action today, and it would administer the grants-in-aid program, lay down the ground rules and assure efficient and progressive work at all levels of government.

Not the least of the commission's achievements is a solution to one of the most vexing problems of all—how the land set aside for public use can be developed (or left wild) to satisfy the different needs and desires of the American people. The commission proposes that such areas be zoned for various stages of development according to the character of the land and public recreation needs. The proposed zones range from Class I, areas to be intensively developed and managed for mass use, to Class V, which would be undisturbed wilderness.

Finally, for the improvement of present programs, the commission developed 29 specifications. They range from establishing a recreation management agency in each state, through the necessity of acquiring shoreline for public use, to the problem of urban sprawl, where bits and pieces of open land have been left over in the "leapfrogging process" of speculative development.

These, then, are some of the findings and a few of the recommendations of the Report of the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission. They are substantiated by 26 separate studies, commissioned from 44 university centers, government agencies and authorities that range from the University of Michigan to Margaret Mead. In sum, they are the first across-the-board authoritative analysis of that nebulous, pervasive, multi-faceted human need and pleasure, the communion of man with the natural elements of which he is a part.

END



LIFE PHOTOGRAPH BY HANK WALKER

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ON FISH, ANGLERS, SLOBS AND MUGWUMPS

by GILBERT ROGIN

Of the great single-minded passions, such as love, war and Scrabble, fishing with a hook and line involves the most luck, and most of it is bad. Captain Tommy Gifford—who, with ingenuity, patience, cussedness and an almost evangelical sense of mission, has striven for 42 years to make fishing as predictable (but sporting) a tug-of-war as possible—admits that even with a first-rate angler on one end of the line it remains 50% luck.

Traditionally, the fisherman accepts getting skunked with more good humor than the lover tolerates rejection; there are *not* as many women as fish in the sea. The professional guide, on the other hand, cannot make a living unless the sum of his craft, or art, like a gambler's stake, enables him not only to survive a streak of misfortune but consistently to beat the laws of chance. A stocky, cheerful, contentious iconoclast who looks like a clean-shaven Santa Claus, Captain Gifford (*right*) has notably triumphed over the unknown and unpredictable. Now 65, he is considered by many to be the finest big-game fishing guide or charter boat man in the business.

One test of a topflight charter boat man, although a simple-minded one by Gifford's standards, is a full fish box. This, of course, Gifford has accomplished manyfold. Moreover, he has caught fish you couldn't stuff in a fish box if you made gefilte fish out of them. ("Caught," to a guide, is the same as the boxing manager's corporate "we," as in "we was robbed" or "we won.") Over the years his charters have held 26 world records. Once, at Wedgeport, N.S., fishing Tony Hulman Jr., the president of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, he caught 15 tuna weighing 9,600 pounds in nine days. He has caught as many as eight sailfish in a day. Gifford, incidentally, never sells any fish he catches. "If I have the time," he says, "I fillet and freeze them and take them up to the children's home. They don't have very good food there, like any institution."

Last month Gifford outdid himself. Fishing off North Key Largo, Fla., where he makes his winter home (he summers at Montauk, N.Y.), he got me my first sail. It was, more to the point, the first sail taken on his brand-new boat, the latest in a succession of *Stormy Petrels*. This one is a 31-foot Bertram "Moppie" and has the same hull—with a longitudinally straked, deep-V bottom—as the boats that won the last two Miami-Nassau races. Its twin 280-hp Chrysler engines drive it at speeds in excess of 40 mph with remarkably little pounding in heavy seas. "I never thought," says Gifford, with wonder, "that I'd live to see the day a boat could do the things this one does." Nor I, with

continued



equal wonder, the day I would land a sailfish. It was bewilderingly simple. Fortunately, I had the wise and gentle counsel of Mr. Charlie Dunn, whose company builds Fin-Nor reels, and, from the tuna tower as he maneuvered the boat, Captain Gifford's outraged commands. Alas, most of these were lost in the wind. I recall one: "Keep your goddam rod tip up!" Gifford claims that catching a fish is 60% angling skill, 40% boat handling. I believe the latter an understatement in my case. In his autobiography *Anglers and Muscleheads*, Gifford has written: "The boat to the big game fisherman must take the place of the legs of the salmon fisherman." A superb helmsman, Gifford drives a boat with as much verve and pertinent style as a scabbard.

"If a man has no constructive or inventive spirit of his own," Gifford says, "how can he be called one of the top men no matter how many fish he has on his boat?" Gifford invented the outrigger, a long pole that enables an angler to skip a bait out and away from the boat's wake. Always tinkering, he has since all but abandoned outriggers in favor of a more sophisticated and productive technique, which he did not invent but perfected, called kite fishing. Gifford helped design the prototype of the celebrated Fin-Nor reel, refined the drag and constructed the first self-adjusting fighting chair. He pioneered celebrated fishing grounds; he claims to have caught the first giant tuna at Wedgeport and the first swordfish on rod and reel off Cape Breton.

Gifford's most significant contribution to big-game fishing, however, was in championing the radical theory that big fish could be brought to gaff on light tackle. This now amounts to his fire-and-brimstone religion, and he gets a big, righteous bang out of demonstrating its miracles to nonbelievers. With stern moral judgment he has divided fishermen into the damned, or muscleheads, and the saved, or sportsmen. Muscleheads, whom he scorns, fish only with "rope," or heavy tackle, for fear they will hook into "Minnie the Monster" and lose her. Sportsmen fish with nothing heavier than 50-pound test line and gain Gifford's blessings. Gifford recalls with delight a June day in 1941 when Mrs. Marian Hasler caught a 374-pound giant tuna on 15 thread (roughly comparable to 50-pound test) at Cat Cay. "We came in with a matchstick in the horn button and a great big bed sheet flying," Gifford says. "And they said there was a casket waiting for the woman who caught a giant tuna!"

Gifford's pre-eminence is obviously not a result of luck. "If you want to be better than anyone else," he has said, "you have to put so much time in. The average charter boat man spends too much time at the dock. He don't spend time thinking of ways to improve." Gifford resents those who call kite fishing and light-tackle feats stunts. Bridges Gifford: "Anything in this world that's hard to do, there's a certain bunch of lazybones who call it a stunt."

It was fortuitous, however, that Gifford was born in Long Branch, N.J. within earshot of the compelling sound of the North Atlantic surf. "I loved the sea from far back," he recalled the other day. "I'd head for school, turn around and

bolt for the ocean. I loved anything that was alive in the sea, the sea itself." When he was 4 he took a dead sea robin, a particularly noxious bottom fish, to bed with him as another child would take a teddy bear. After he had cuddled the fish under the covers for several nights, it mysteriously vanished. Gifford advises parents who find a sea robin in their son's bed to chloroform the boy; otherwise he will surely grow up to be a charter boat man. "It is," says Gifford, "the business of the most work and the least money. If I hadn't been such a nut for the sea and fishing, I'd be financially stable. What the hell can I retire on? I feel like taking off somewhere and taking it easy. Jamaica is a beautiful island. I don't feel like going north every summer. It's a grind."

"Charter boating," he says in calmer moments, "is the same as any other business—another hard day at the office. You try to please the customer. A man spends a certain amount of money to go out. I like to see to it that he gets a little more than his money's worth. In 42 years of fishing, only one man has ever asked me to cheat on a fish. Every great once in a while you find someone who don't think it wrong to cheat at cards or fish. The boys in Miami go through quite an ordeal, though. Six people, all strangers, on board! A diplomat in Washington don't have a tougher job. But charter boat men are not plagued by too many troubles. If a man comes aboard my boat and starts drinking, the heavier he drinks the closer we are to home. By the time he don't know where he is, we're tied up at the dock." Gifford has written: "This, of course has contributed to my reputation as a cantankerous old bastard. I have always considered these individuals to be stupid, for they could 'charter' a hotel room for a lot less money and get drunk in comfort."

Gifford is still uncommonly devoted to fish, although he no longer shares his bed with them. He croons over their coloring, shape, movement, size, indeed their very fishiness. He impartially adores the blue marlin and a little bullfish called a balao (pronounced ballyho), which he nets, contentedly scales, cleans, brines and freezes. He says they are then as good as fresh bait, and it is a Gifford canon that there is "no substitute for absolutely fresh bait," unless it's live bait. His love affair with fish, alas unrequited, shows no signs of slackening with repetition or the passage of time. "There's nothing in this world so beautiful as a ballyho," he said the other day, reverently holding one he had just netted. "It gives you goose bumps three-quarters of an inch high just to look at it. If I had pepper and salt, I'd eat it." He was, like the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins, transported by the glory of its being. Reflecting, he admitted he wouldn't eat it, even cooked. "Too oily," he said.

Gifford beholds the leap of the lowly houndfish (also called needlefish) with as much exuberance as that of the sailfish, and this is one of the many joys of fishing with him for 585 a day. "A houndfish," he says fervently, "can outfight any trout out of any lake or river in the world. He

continued

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could tow a trout backward and pull all his scales off." Gifford is freely prejudiced in favor of saltwater fish, but he does enjoy one thing about fresh-water angling—the environment. "It's not the battle," he says, "but the beauty of the water, smelling that wonderful balsam, seeing millions of rocks with trees growing out of them. Give me a fly rod on big, wild mountain rivers like the Fraser and the Rogue. There don't have to be any fish in them. They're just nice to look at." He has little use for hunting. He was once shot at, apparently mistaken for a mountain goat. "My big ears," he explains. He shot back. "Hunting and that goddam golf," he says, "have ruined more fishermen."

He is, and contumaciously, a champion of the barracuda, which he feels has been severely maligned, especially by Philip Wylie, whom he does not admire. Gifford estimates that in the last 10 years he has cut loose, as a sort of retaliation for their bad press, 3,500 to 4,000 barracuda. Despite some scientific evidence to the contrary, he wrathfully denies that barracuda flesh is occasionally poisonous. "I've eaten them for 42 years and never got sick," he says stubbornly. Whenever people have become ill from eating barracuda, Gifford insists they have consumed spoiled or sickly fish. Gifford hotly defends the barracuda against charges that it is a man-eater. "I've been swimming with them for 42 years," he says, "and I've never seen a barracuda show more than the common interest you'd show if you'd never seen a man before. Ferocious, terrifying, ear-chopping barracuda! Why, I've been in places where the barracuda were so thick the top of the ocean was gray. Once we were spearing groupers, and when we swam down they'd close over us and when we came up they'd open up. I've had barracuda up to 50 pounds follow me like an inquisitive puppy dog. The man—the slob—that speared that big one and got hurt, why, the spear threw the fish off balance and it ran into him. They actually made a hero of the man who fought off the ferocious barracuda! The girl that got bit up at Fort Lauderdale: barracuda got the blame for it, but it was a mackerel shark, and it was probably just as terrified as she was."

"The barracuda, the huge fish, are coarse to eat. Just the idea of killing one to get a couple of oshs and ahs on the dock is very distasteful to me. It's a shame to kill a fish like that. No fish, pound for pound, fights as hard as that. It takes a long time to grow that big. The damn fools! The mugwump millionaires! Killing fish does things to me. I once had some people on my boat who told me how wonderful the bass fishing had been up North in the woods somewhere where they had just come from. 'We caught the limit three times,' they told me, 'and took them in and dug a hole and buried them.' I turned my boat right around and headed for home. I told them when we had got to the dock, 'I'll give you just 60 seconds to get the hell off of my boat.' I don't believe those slobs know to this day what got me so mad."

"I have a standing rule on my boat, though. A man's first sailfish, I bring it in, no matter what. The sailfish is

migratory. You tag him, he'll swim to another part of the world, and no one will ever see the tag again. You could catch every sailfish between Jacksonville and Key West, and after a certain amount of time they'll be back. A lot of captains make a lot of noise about turning sailfish loose—but they keep the home fish, the ones that don't migrate. That's why there's not a fish scale on the biggest dock in



Gifford stands in cockpit of his new boat at North Key Largo, Fla. Superstructure is a tuna tower.

Miami in February. The fish've been cleaned out. Once, off Jersey, I saw a man take a brand-new Cadillac and just shovel school tuna in. I mean, God knows when he'd ever get the stink out of the automobile, let alone what he'd do with all those fish! Pretty soon there weren't many tuna off Jersey. The same thing happened at Wedgeport up in Nova Scotia. [Last month the International Tuna Cup Match was called off for the fourth year in a row because of an

continued

absence of tuna.] The fish just got sick and tired of it. "There were two men I once fished," says Gifford, "who caught 20 school tuna. They just lay on the dock rotting until someone hauled them away to the rock pit. It made me so sick I told one of the men that the other was going to start releasing all his fish. Then I told the same thing to the other fellow. They both started releasing and got such a wonderful kick out of it. Any fish I'm going to release, instead of grabbing him, I cut the wire. If I can see the hook plain, I take it off. It'd wear off in 10 days anyway. I wasn't always this way. The last 10 or 11 years being around my wife Esther has made a lot of difference. 'You're not going to kill it?' she'd keep saying.

"If a fellow wants to keep a fish on my boat and can give me a sensible argument, the fish comes in the boat. If he says he wants to take a picture, I don't like it. I'll go along with it, but it won't happen again. But I've found out that people are conservationists when you explain things to them. The first angler I ever knew was a man named Maury L. Webster. One time in 10 days we took nine blue marlin and released six. Two were hooked in the throat and never would have made it. The other was a world record. Releasing fish like that was absolutely unknown in those days. If I did it again, I'd still be looked upon as a crackpot."

Mention of Maury L. Webster, "the most wonderful angler that ever troiled a line off the back of a boat," always gets Gifford rolled about another injustice: the composition of the U.S. team for the tuna match at Wedgeport. Gifford contends that if the team is supposed to represent the country, its members should be chosen solely on merit like the Olympic teams. Instead, he says, the qualifications are money and ambition. Gifford defines ambition, in this case, as a willingness to flatter those who select the teams. "For a few years there," he says, "there were some very sorry people fishing for tuna. I know a dozen men who didn't have the money who could have outfished them. Maury L. Webster had money but no ambition."

Another topic that makes Gifford boil over is spearfishing, now banned in the Upper Keys. "The commercial boys were bad enough," he says. "They made a terrible difference. It was systematic slaughter. Then along came hordes of amateurs in a school of snappers. The damn amateurs were worse than the pros. They'd spear a hundred to kill three. The rest would be wandering around with gaping holes. Nice thing's been happening lately, though. The last few years there's been an epidemic of spearfishermen disappearing. Sharks get 'em.

"There's a place I know back in the Tortugas where I like to go to just observe the sea life that goes on, the tragedies, the big fish chasing the medium-sized fish chasing the little fish. It's so much more interesting to look than spear and have everything go to hell and gone."

Gifford was 6 years old when he caught his first fish. It was a 16-pound striped bass, and he had to swim around



"The kite is such a wonderful fishing machine," says

four jetties and use his waist as a reel before he was able to beach it. Since then, he has spent a good deal of his time devising ways to make fishing less exhausting if just as sporting. Gifford has probably experimented with more methods of catching a fish than any other guide and, most probably, has spent more time on the water, too. "I figure," he says, "you learn something every day you go out there, from the president of the Catalina Island Tuna Club to a New Guinea native." Gifford, for instance, once spent a summer with Japanese fishermen in Hawaii and unreservedly acclaims them the finest in the world.

His experimenting led, in the early '30s, to his great principle of light tackle for big fish. Before he got his calling, Gifford, like other guides, used heavy line—39, even 54 thread—and primitive rods and reels, for which, often, a man's thumb served as drag. Fishing with that heavy tackle was a bruising, arduous and debilitating ordeal, and the angler, if he hadn't passed out or suffered a stroke, was as whipped as the fish. "That damn 39 thread is a bone crusher," Gifford says. "Ernest [Hemingway] was the only man I ever knew who could use it. He was so strong. Him and Mike Lerner [of Lerner Shops] in his prime. Ernest was a good fisherman in a roughneck way. It was 75% muscle and 25% technique with him. But Ernest and Uncle Mike couldn't catch a 100-pound tarpon on a fly rod to save their lives. If you're a normal human being, fishing is using from 10 to 50, maybe 80-pound test. If you're abnormal—6 foot 6, 275 pounds, right out of college, in perfect shape and enjoy getting the living hell beat out of you—then you can use 120 like an average person uses 50. But



Captain Tommy Gifford. "It catches 75% more fish."

there's very few of those running around loose. You don't lose many fish that way, I'll admit that."

Gifford doesn't feel that brawn is a necessary companion to skill. "Too many people use heavy tackle just to get their names in the paper," he says. "I believe they ought to lay down that heavy stuff, even if they can handle it, to keep themselves in shape, to get the feel of the fish. The light-tackle man can hook a fish on heavy tackle and do a better job of saving him than the other way around. Who's the better driver—the man who's never driven anything but a 16-wheel truck or the one who's driven everything from a Sprinter up? If all the anglers in the world used 50 instead of 120, you'd be surprised how close they'd come to breaking existing records. Fifty-pound test's perfectly capable of taking a 650-pound fish. The only reason it isn't done is that almost nobody uses it. You shouldn't use more than 10-pound for sailfish, 20 for white marlin and 30 for blue marlin and tuna. Someday someone's going to catch a really big tuna on 9 thread. It's so simple if you've got everything with you. It's not even a challenge."

Gifford also contends that light tackle is much more sporting and esthetic. "A fish will jump 50 times on light tackle," he says, "maybe only once with that heavy stuff. The Miami boys seem to feel they've failed unless they catch a boatload of fish. So they rig up two big 9/0 reels with 80-pound test. Hell, the average fish won't even turn his head. If you hook the same fish on spin gear, he'll give you a bad time. When the untrained angler in Miami makes a mistake on 50 or 80—why, they can make all kinds of mistakes, and when the smoke clears they still have the

fish. But you make one small boo-boo on 20-pound with a small hook and leader. . . . I won't fish anybody on my boat with 39 thread unless they're capable of taking all the drag that I make them put on.

"Bag-game fishing," Gifford says, "is strictly the knowledge of how hard you can pull on the line without breaking it. The secret is the handling of the drag from the time the fish is wild until he's dead tired. I never used a flying gaff in my life to land a gamefish. I only carry one in case I meet up with a mako shark. I don't believe in gaffing a fish that's so green you need a 3/8-inch nylon rope and a hook that can lift the boat. Sport fishing is the art of fighting a fish so that when he comes to the boat he's docile.

"Over a long fight with light tackle, the greatest danger for the experienced angler is impatience. He puts one more notch on the drag and pops him off. The trouble with the novice is that he fishes with too heavy a drag. He hooks a big fish, the fish takes off 100 yards of line. 'Hey!' he yells. 'He's taking all my line! I got to stop him!' That's the end of him, all right." The main principle in fighting a fish, Gifford explains, is to lighten the drag when he makes his runs and tighten it when he stalls or it is obvious he is getting pooped. One of the commonest failings is not lightening the drag on a fish's final, flugging run.

Another Gifford innovation is the short pump. Pumping is the action the angler makes with his rod while fighting a fish in order to reel in slack line. "The great big pump originated back in the days of Zane Grey," Gifford says. "It's still used only because everybody uses it." Gifford advises, rather demands, that his customers use a short pump in which the rod tip may move only a few inches. "It keeps the fish's head up," he says. "With a big pump he tends to settle down. Then you have to fight the whole weight of the fish's body, plus the weight of the tail. If you just rock back and forth, making a quarter turn on the reel each time, his head never gets down and you don't have to yank up all that weight."

Of all his theories, inventions and adaptations, Gifford is proudest of his kite. "Do you have a bunch of dandelions or violets aboard?" he asked his mate one day last month. "Roses will do. I'd like to dump them on myself the way my kite's flying." Gifford's kite looks like an ordinary child's kite, but the sticks are fiber glass, the cloth is silk, it is tailless and it is made to exacting measurements. Gifford also is probably the Occident's best kite flyer. He can get a kite up while anchored on an almost airless day and, of course, you can't take a run on a 31-foot boat. Gifford simply releases it as though it were a bird. In kite fishing à la Gifford, the angler's line is attached by a clothespin to the line that holds the kite aloft. By turning a huge wooden spool, Gifford lets the kite out behind the boat, its line carrying the fishing line well off from the boat. For kite fishing Gifford generally uses live bait; for sails, pilchards or pinfish, which Mrs. Gifford catches for him. Esther Gifford used to be Gifford's mate until, she says, "I got too heavy." She may very well be as good a cook as Gifford

continued

is a fisherman and is a first-rate angler in her own right. "The missus caught the first flying fish on rod and reel in this part of the world," Gifford says proudly. A mounted flying fish hangs on the wall in Gifford's living room, along with other small fish, which appear to have been stamped out of plastic, and framed photographs of women in Carole Lombard slacks posing with giant fish. It is curious that the fish look as though they might have been caught yesterday, while the fishermen, men and women, seem to be inhabitants of another world, another, fantastically distant time.

The pileard or pinfish hangs perpendicularly down from the kite twine, and the angler strips line off his reel until half of the bait is wiggling in the water. If an undesirable—a nosy shark, turbot or houndfish—cruises by, the fisherman simply reels in, and the bait ludicrously ascends. "Going up. Fifth floor, ladies' underwear," Gifford chortles. It is also possible to troll when kite fishing, but in that case Gifford uses fresh dead bait. He claims you can catch any fish with a kite that will take a bait offered from an outrigger. "But," he says, "the kite's worth 75% more fish." One advantage is that the fish tends to hook itself in its lungs. Gifford rigidly insists that an angler hook his own fish. "A lot of charter boat men in their zeal hook a fish for a customer," he says. "But if the fish turns out to be a record, the captain must swear to a lie. Anyway, what the hell's the use of going fishing if someone else hooks the fish for you!"

There are other benefits to kite fishing. "It's impossible to keep the bait on top of the water with an outrigger," Gifford says. "It gets beat to death as the boat rolls. The kite keeps the bait on the surface, the leader, hook and all foreign material out of sight. The fish can't run into the leader with its bill and snarl it or break it or get foul-hooked." Another advantage is that Gifford usually anchors when he flies his kite, which is vastly more pleasant than noisily trolling back and forth inhaling gas fumes. "The kite is such a wonderful fishing machine," Gifford says. "A perfect day for it is with the wind eight mph out of the southeast, a ruffled surface. Then that bait swims with the half inch out of the water that has the hook in it. I got a 300-foot anchor rope. As the boat yaws, the kite moves, and the bait follows the kite. On a gorgeous winter day with barely enough wind to get your kite up, a sailfish looks as big as a sea cow. You got two baits on your kite out of the way. You look down and see your mackerel and jacks, and you can have a lot of fun with them with spin tackle while you're waiting for that hole in the water when the sail strikes. The Miami boys troll back and forth, up and down. When you do that you can't use spin tackle, jig, drop your line down. With a kite you can have your cake and eat it, too."

Gifford concedes that kite fishing is complicated and that making the kite is an intricate job. Gifford has two sizes and is thinking of fashioning a third, a storm kite.

"Unless you make them absolutely right," Gifford says, "they're hard to fly, and when you're hooked up, it's not for a lazy crew. I've been to three different people trying to get them to manufacture kites. I'd like to give a pair of kites and a spool to every charter boat man from Key West to Maine. [Gifford foresees, too, the day when Atlantic surf fishermen will use kites to carry their bait out beyond the combers.] You'll find people arguing about the kite, naturally, like they argued over the outrigger. I could have patented the outrigger, but if I had patented it I would have been stepping in the faces of a lot of nice charter boat men who couldn't build them. I'm glad I turned it over to them rather than the millionaires. I don't get jealous. I figure I'm as good as any man in the business. The more fish that are caught by my competitors, in a way that helps me, too. Captain Allan Self around here, I took him out two or three times when he first came. No point him catching one fish while I'm catching seven. Knowing where to go is everything. All game-fish do what they do for only one reason—to fill their bellies. It's not for love of women fish or love of commuting. You got to go where the food is, too."

Fishing, Gifford has written, "is not a sport I have any desire to 'debunk.' [But] no sport can grow if the challenge is reduced, and I am convinced that only by coordinating the tackle and the fish can the challenge be assured. Angling . . . is a contest between a man and a fish. If the fish, when hooked, has no reasonable chance for escape, it is not a contest. The true angler finds a rewarding pleasure in the equal contest—he does not find the sport more challenging merely because he may take a fish that will provide him with an award in the form of an onboard boat complete with motor. Nor is he primarily an angler because it may add his name to a record list."

"There have been too many 'devices' avowedly designed to 'promote the sport of big-game angling.' Regard these devices carefully and you will find that most of them are actually designed to promote a coastal resort, a beer, a certain automobile or, quite frequently, an individual. . . . Big-game angling has been, and possibly always will be, used for ulterior designs. A number of individuals who have no real interest in angling have turned to the sport because it offered an opportunity to associate with people in a social stratum that otherwise would be beyond their grasp. Others turned to it for business reasons. . . . If I am thankful for anything in this life, it is for the fact that I am finally able to send the muscleheads to another skipper."

Tommy Gifford turned to the sea because it was his drummer. Its smoke and resonant note were in his bedroom in Long Branch, along with the sea robin. He is not the independent cuss he pretends to be. But if he is not his own master, he is the sea's good servant. He is drawn as irresistibly by the sea's intolerable tug as are the schools of giant tuna streaming under his boat off Bimini, their backs green and shining. "Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

END

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

St. John's Coach Joe Lapchick is now sure there is no place like home. While his slick Redmen ranged around their plush new gym in Jamaica like a bunch of happy warriors, 6-foot-10 LeRoy Ellis diligently plucked the boards clean and scored 31 points as St. John's beat Carolina 81-68. But things were different on the road. In Chicago the Redmen tried to match muscles with Loyola in a rough-tough game and came off second best. Ellis got 32 points, but four starters, including LeRoy, fouled out. Willie Hall and Loyola's John Crnoknik were ejected for fighting, and St. John's lost 92-82.

Seton Hall Coach Richie Regan doesn't care where his team plays—as long as brilliant sophomore Nick Werkman, the nation's No. 2 scorer (33 per game), is there to fling the ball at the hoop. Slipping deftly away from his defenders, Werkman scored 33 points against Scranton, added 49 more against St. Peter's, and Seton Hall won both games 120-100 and 104-78. However, Werkman had competition. Holy Cross's Jack Foley, the nation's No. 3 scorer (31.5 per game), flipped in 47 points as the Crusaders beat Niagara 83-80 for their eighth straight.

Meanwhile, Villanova and Duquesne improved their already impressive records. Villanova's slithery Hubie White sifted through Memphis State's loose defenses for 30 points, and the speedy Wildcats ran the Tigers silly, 109-84. Duquesne put La Salle in a hole with 10 straight points at the start, Mike Rice and Willie Somerset kept the Explorers there with some nifty shooting and the Dukes won 80-66.

Providence was still struggling. The Friars barely made it past Connas 58-56 when Jim Hadnot hooked in the winning goal with seven seconds to go. Temple, too, continued to have its troubles. St. Joseph's caught the Owls napping and beat them 53-49. In the Ivy League there were signs that Princeton was ready to make its move after the fast-breaking Tigers beat weakened Penn 93-81. The top three:

1. VILLANOVA (18-2)
2. DUQUESNE (18-2)
3. ST. JOHN'S (14-4)

THE SOUTH

With examinations over, the deep thinking shifted back to the basketball court in the ACC. Duke's Vic Babus put his Blue Devils

into a man-to-man pressure defense to upset Wake Forest's patterns and pull Len Chappell outside. Despite this well-conceived strategy, Chappell scored often enough to give the Deacons a 60-59 lead with six minutes to go. Then Duke's talented Art Heyman went to work. He pushed at nine points, handed off for two more and finished with 26 as the Blue Devils won 82-68 to tie the North Carolina for first place. North Carolina State, strengthened by Playmaker Ken Roshoff's return to eligibility, turned loose a fast break against Clemson and beat the Tigers 80-64.

While first-place Kentucky rested in the SEC, Mississippi State warmed up for the chase by beating little Northeast Louisiana 89-79. Auburn showed that it can run as well as shuffle. The Tigers used their defense to stop Georgia Tech 52-40 in a nonconference game, then shocked Georgia with a helter-skelter attack to win 83-47. Unpredictable Tech bounced back again, this time against Tennessee. Mike Tomasovich tipped in a rebound with eight seconds left in overtime, and the Jackets won 66-65.

West Virginia continued its relentless march through the Southern Conference despite some bad moments at Norfolk, Va. With Rod Thelen held to 11 points, the Mountaineers had to scamper even faster than usual to beat William & Mary 70-61. Now only Furman has a chance to catch West Virginia. The Paladins caught Virginia Tech looking ahead to the game with West Virginia and upset the Gobblers 89-83.

In other games, Western Kentucky polished off Eastern Kentucky 96-92 to hold the Ohio Valley lead; improving Louisville parlayed Bud Olsen's 32 points and a suddenly tight defense into a 91-75 victory over Wichita. The top three:

1. KENTUCKY (18-1)
2. DUKE (10-2)
3. MISSISSIPPI STATE (10-4)

THE MIDWEST

Ohio State was still unbeatable. Not even Purdue's many-splendored Terry Duncinger, who nursed a jammed little finger on his shooting hand, was able to disconcert the imperturbable Buckeyes. In fact, he was so well fenced in by Jerry Lucas and John Havlicek that he scored only nine points and one rebound. Big Luke hooked



ART HEYMAN, Duke star, dribbles past Wake Forest's big Len Chappell during ACC victory.

and tipped in 32, Havlicek contributed 14 and Ohio State breezed home 91-65.

However, there was still some cheer for others in the Big Ten. Indiana's splintering Jimmy Rayl had the time of his life against Minnesota, scoring a record 36 points and hitting a jumper with seven seconds left in overtime to beat the Gophers 105-104. Dischinger, too, recovered his skill against Wisconsin, shooting an 50 points, but they didn't do the Boilermakers much good. The Badgers still downed Purdue 89-86 to remain unbeaten in the conference.

Perhaps it was prophetic when Kansas State's Tex Winter recently mused, "I shudder to think what will happen to us on one of those inevitable cold-shooting nights." Last Saturday, Winter shuddered for 39 minutes and 36 seconds while his Wildcats missed 33 of their 76 shots. Only some conscious defending by Dick Ewy, who held Iowa State's sharpshooting Gary Wheeler to six points, kept K-State in contention. Then Warren Brown flipped in a lay-up, and the Wildcats won 56-55. Meanwhile, Colorado stayed one giant step ahead of K-State in the Big Eight. The Buffs ran freely for 10 minutes in the first half, outscored Oklahoma State 18-3 and eventually beat the deliberate Cowboys 64-61.

Bradley's Missouri Valley leaders were worried. They didn't need All-America Chet Walker, ailing with a kidney disorder, to beat North Texas State 84-70 at Pondera. Sophomores Joe Striwer, Lavern Tait and Rich Williams gave the Braves ample protection. But they will need him against Cincinnati and St. Louis. The Bearcats

clobbered the same Eagles 89-61 as Tony Yates scored 23 points. St. Louis' ball-hawking Billis solved Marquette's shifting defenses readily enough and beat the Warriors 74-64. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (14-0)
2. CINCINNATI (14-0)
3. BRADLEY (10-0)

THE WEST

After two weeks of quiet the Big Five was beginning to stir again. USC was idle, but UCLA tuned up its improved game against Texas Tech, and the Bruins rarely looked better. Six-foot-3 Fred Slaughter virtually swept Tech's 6-foot-10 Harold Hudgens off the floor, the other Bruins pressed vigorously and UCLA whipped the Raiders twice, 89-60 and 87-58. However, Stanford's bubble burst with a loud bang in Seattle. Washington, playing its methodical pattern game, beat the Indians 73-61 and 76-49.

For a while it appeared that Oregon State's winning streak was about to go down the drain at Corvallis, where Seattle pulled the Beavers into double overtime. But State settled down and won its 13th straight, 82-73.

More and more, Utah State looked like the only team to challenge Utah in the Skyline. Colorado State U., sputtering badly ever since playmaker Manny Lawrence became ineligible, just did manage to get by Wyoming 56-50. Utah State's Aggies were more impressive, both sartorially and artistically. Coach LaDell Anderson togged them out in fancy knee-length stockings, turned BYU transfer Dennis Nate loose against his former teammates and watched him scatter the Cougars' 3-2 defense for 19 points as the Aggies won 88-69. The top three:

1. USC (10-0)
2. UTAH (10-0)
3. OREGON STATE (14-1)

THE SOUTHWEST

While Texas Tech was losing in the West, Rice and SMU, the other two SWC leaders, managed to maintain their reputations against independent foes. Rice struggled before it edged Trinity 79-77, but SMU had things easier. Big Jan Lauderback scored 27 points, and the Mustangs galloped past Oklahoma City 87-66.

However, supposedly in a "nothing" year, was still winning. Attacking cautiously and deliberately, the Cougars pecked away at TCU and beat the Frogs 61-56 when Jack Thompson poked in a field goal and five foul shots in the last two minutes. However, Fort Worth fans were hardly appreciative of Houston's skills. They booed, jeered and clapped, but the Cougars never faltered. Explained Houston Coach Guy Lewis: "They go out thinking they're going to win every time, and I'm not going to tell them they can't." The top three:

1. TEXAS TECH (14-0)
2. ARIZONA STATE (13-0)
3. HOUSTON (14-0)

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YESTERDAY

The Bitter Birdman

Fifty years ago, a moody, egocentric little man named Lincoln Beachey thrilled the crowds he hated with his spectacular tricks in the sky

by WILLIAM F. NOLAN

Seven years after Kitty Hawk, in December 1910, one of the nation's first aviation meets was held in Los Angeles. Called the Olympics of the air, this all-star flying carnival featured the crack Wright and Curtiss exhibition teams. But on the final day of the competition the crowd's attention shifted to a nerveless 23-year-old ex-ballooning named Lincoln Beachey, who was making his heavier-than-air debut in a patched-up crate that had crashed earlier that month.

As young Beachey climbed to gain altitude, the prop blade suddenly sheared free of its mounting, and his propellerless plane whapped into a dive. Beachey calmly cut the engine and expertly glided the plane toward a cluster of thickly branched trees, depositing it on the top of a giant oak as neatly as a toy doll is placed on a pillow.

Impressed by Beachey's skill, Glenn Curtiss immediately added him to the official exhibition team—and the fateful flying career of the young man who would soon be called the king of the sky was started.

continued



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Actually, Lincoln Beachey was already a veteran aviator by 1910. He grew up in San Francisco, and upon reaching his teens, at the turn of the century, he put his early mechanical interests to practical use by supplying bicycle motors to local residents who were reluctant to pump up the city's steep hills.

Balloon ascensions fascinated Beachey. His imagination was stirred by the accomplishments of Germany's Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin. By 1902 Beachey had constructed an airship of his own—an odd, cigar-shaped balloon powered by a small one-cylinder engine and guided by the young aeronaut's weight on the plank catwalk suspended beneath it. At 17, Beachey turned pro. A few years later, in a Baldwin dirigible, he became the first balloonist to circle the Capitol dome in Washington.

Desiring the ponderous gas bags in 1910, Beachey persuaded Glenn Curtiss to teach him to pilot a heavier-than-air machine, since he felt certain that his future lay with stunt flying.

The underpowered wood-and-canvas planes in this raw pioneering era were incredibly dangerous by modern standards. The pilot usually sat completely exposed to wind and weather at the extreme forward end of his craft, just ahead of the engine, grasping a wheel mounted atop a thin metal column. A pull or a push regulated the rate of climb, and stunting required steady nerve as well as a keen "seat-of-the-pants" air feel.

Death-be-damned tricks

Beachey swed fairground crowds with his death-be-damned specialties: the vertical drop, spiral climb, ocean roll—and he was soon earning more than \$1,000 a week with his daredevil sky tricks. In June of 1911 he won nationwide publicity by successfully flying under the suspension bridge at Niagara Falls. He perfected his dive of death, in which he would kill his engine and aim straight at the earth, leveling off at the last possible second for a perfect landing. He hedged-hopped freight trains, by letting his tires tap the roof of every third car. He snared lace handkerchiefs from the ground with hooks fastened to the wingtip of his Curtiss plane and when he bluntly said, "Give me enough power and I'll fly a barn door upside down," no one doubted him.

Egocentric and withdrawn, a small, antisocial man of deep-rooted preju-

dices, Beachey detested the crowds who provided his fabulous income. "They want my blood," he bitterly declared, "and they'd tear me and my plane apart if they got the chance." He had seen the crushed body of more than one aviator stripped for gruesome souvenirs, and Beachey harbored no illusions as to his popularity. He would often dive on open grandstands, skimming so low that spectators were forced to duck for cover.

Stubbornly refusing to affect the scarf, leather helmet, puttees, cavalry pants and ornate boots worn by the usual sky hero, he dressed in dark, pin-striped suits topped by a modest tie and checked golfing cap (which he would reverse with a flourish just before a takeoff). He neither drank nor smoked, but he was notorious for his cross-country amours.

Fiercely attached to flying, he nonetheless announced his retirement on May 12, 1913. He gave as his reason the number of young pilots who had been killed "trying to pull a Beachey." Each death was an individual weight on his conscience ("I'll no longer stand accused of leading others to death").

Six months later he was lured back into the sky by the news that Adolphe Pégoud had achieved a loop-the-loop over France. Beachey swore that he would become the first American aviator to match this feat. He not only matched Pégoud's single loop-the-loop; he incorporated a series of loops into his daredevil act. With BEACHEY painted in huge red letters across the wing of his plane, he once electrified fairgoers by looping up to 80 times in a single afternoon. (His fixed price: \$500 for the first loop \$200 for each additional one, cash in advance.)

On March 14, 1915, now limping because of injuries in his many crashes, he attached a Gnome rotary engine to his own stripped version of the German Taube pursuit plane and reared into the California sky. It was Beachey Day at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. The crowd watched him complete a graceful loop, then gasped as he put the small plane into his famous dive of death.

This time it was. The force of the screaming 3,000-foot plunge peeled the wings from his plane. Man and machine disappeared into the cold waters of San Francisco Bay. Lincoln Beachey, America's moody sky king, had completed his last flight.

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Sports Roadster

If you smoke for pleasure and not just from habit,
smoke the cigarette that really satisfies.



21 GREAT TOBACCOS make 20 WONDERFUL SMOKES!!

PLEASURE'S TRUE
Twenty-one great vintage tobaccos are grown mild, aged mild and blended mild—not filtered mild in every Chesterfield King

PLEASURE'S LONG
Nothing satisfies like the great taste of great tobaccos blended mild. And you get King-size flavor in the long, long length of the King

PLEASURE'S FILTER-FREE
The goodness of 21 great tobaccos is not lost in a filter—all the flavor gets home to you. Enjoy the true satisfaction of this true cigarette.

The same great tobaccos are in both Regular Chesterfield and Chesterfield King.
they satisfy!